JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE NEW COFFEE.

"Most Important Discovery," say Scientists and Doctors. Is free from Heart-Exciting and Nerve-Poisoning "Caffeine." Does not Cause Sleeplessness or Sickness. Is quite Harmless to Health. Has Same Aroma and Flavour as Finest Coffee. Extraordinary Demand for it. Now used on Atlantic Liners.

FREE ½-LB. TRIAL TIN SENT TO ALL WHO WOULD LIKE TO TRY IT.

All readers of JOHN BULL who like coffee are to-day able to obtain a ½ lb. tin of "The New Coffee" for 3d. (the cost of postage and packing).

"The New Coffee" tastes and smells just like the finest of ordinary coffee.

It is coffee—pure coffee, too—and free from chicory or cheapening adulterant of any kind, but free also from "that something" in the best of ordinary coffee which excites the heart, over-stimulates the nerves (by poisoning them), causes sleeplessness, sickness, kidney and bladder disorders, and other health upsets.

President Kruger, they say, died "before his time" because of the poisonous "caffeine" in coffee.

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Doctors' Recommendations.

The new coffee, according to the highest analytical authority in the world perhaps (namely, that of the well-known Laboratory at Wiesbaden), declares that by a new process the whole berry can now be so treated that after the roasting there is extracted from ninety-eight to ninety-nine per cent. of this dangerous drug.

Scientists and doctors are loud in their praise, and hearty in their recommendation, of the new coffee.

It is interesting to note that under the new Patent Act, the new process will give employment to an ever-increasing number of British workers. Arrangements are already being made for the erection of a new factory for the new Caffeine-Free-Coffee.

To-day, however, it is possible to try before buying any of this splendid coffee. A ½ lb. trial tin will be sent to all who would like to sample it, together with book explanatory of the new coffee.

Wherever this coffee is tried it at once supplants ordinary pure and "mixed" coffees.

What to Note after Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper.

The Atlantic liners are now using the new "Lifebelt Coffee," to give it the name by which it will soon become a household word. It is now being tried at Public Hospitals and Sanatoria, also by doctors and others.

But, simultaneously the Public are being invited to try it, too—and try it at the expense of the proprietors.

Any reader may have a tin to try without charge. Fill in name and address on following Free ½ lb. Trial Tin Coupon, and cut out and send the latter with the three stamps for cost of postage and packing; you can try the "Lifebelt" Coffee for breakfast, dinner, or supper the day after to-morrow.

Note that after breakfast there will be no eructations of wind—as caused by the strong poison in ordinary coffee.

Note after dinner there will be no stomach distension or discomfort caused by the caffeine poison paralysing the work of the stomach.

Note after supper that Life-Belt Coffee will not prevent you going to sleep—as does caffeine-charged ordinary coffee.

Here are a few opinions of Life-Belt Coffee by its new friends:—

To the Health Advantage of the People.

A doctor states:—

"I am convinced that every physician will and must recommend your coffee, not only to all those who suffer from the heart and nerves, but also to all healthy people as a prophylactic measure."

Here are useful observations from a doctor, who speaks from the standpoint of his own personal experience:—

No After Pains and Penalties.

"Caffeine affects me at once—I can drink the coffee you kindly sent me, with a very little milk, and sleep very well after it.

"I gave some to a young lady suffering from valvular disease of the heart, and the test was in every way satisfactory. This lady is affected directly by caffeine, and suffers terribly from her heart, if she only drinks the smallest cup of coffee. She was, however, able to drink a cup of strong 'Coffee Freed from Caffeine' without being affected in the least."

But many more doctors' opinions (and of private persons, too) might be quoted here. A goodly number, indeed, are printed in the very interesting pamphlet which will be sent with every Free ½ lb. Trial Tin of the new Life-Belt Coffee.

If you are a coffee-drinker—try the new Life-Belt Coffee—send for the Free ½ lb. Trial Tin.

If you are one of those with whom "coffee does not agree"—try the new Life-Belt Coffee—free—and you will learn that at last you can again drink and enjoy coffee without its after pains and penalties.

If you are one of those who are drinking too much tea, try Life-Belt Coffee, too, and you will become all the better in health.

J.B. COUPON. 24/7/09.

To the Life-Belt Coffee Co., Ltd. (Dept. 36), 71, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

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ADDRESS .....

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JOHN BULL.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

General Election, October.

Inaugural meeting of John Bull League, Saturday, October 2nd.

Mr. Churchill, as usual, is first in the field. Any price on the young 'uns.

A great weight has been lifted from our minds. The *Quicunque Vult* is not to be dropped without our consent. The matter was worrying us very much.

Mr. Balfour says he will not accept office unless he has a clear majority of eighty over all other sections of the House. That's a big order.

According to Lord Charles Beresford, it takes six years to make a first-class seaman, and a lifetime to make a real good admiral. Charley may be right about the seaman, but, certainly, as to the admiral, his candour is refreshing. Long life to him.

The Liberal Whips are very angry with the Prime Minister for forcing an election in the High Peak division. They were not in any way consulted about Mr. Partington's appointment, and they consider the risking of the seat, at this juncture, an act of political fatuity. What is the hidden meaning of the affair?

However, we shall soon know the result. To read the Official Government organs, one is almost persuaded that the Premier "knew something." We are writing this on Monday, and we quote from the *Daily Chronicle*:—"There is for this contest only one question for decision, and that is the righteousness or otherwise of the Budget." Bold words.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Winston Churchill on the delightful present Mrs. Churchill has made to him—to wit, a daughter. Of course, a gift child, like a gift horse, must not be looked in the mouth or in other ways be too closely scrutinised—otherwise we should have expressed regret that it wasn't a little Winston. But all in good time.

In rejecting Lord Roberts' Conscription Bill, the House of Lords undoubtedly reflected the feeling of the country. But, at the same time, we must not ignore the solemn warnings of the times. Our own idea has long been that the State should strike a bargain with the rising generation and its parents, and should say to all boys who attend the free schools, "You shall not be under any obligation to us; we will give you, free of cost, a good elementary education, and you in turn shall, on leaving school, give us three years' military training, combined with technical teaching in such trade as you may desire to follow." Thus should we secure the raw material of sound citizenship, and at the same time remove every taint of charity from those who attend our national schools. Of course, the physically unfit would be exempted—and they would come in handy for junior clerks and "office boys"; and the age limit of military service would have to be lowered. Think it over.

And so the Archbishop of Canterbury thinks it in the interests of morality that divorce facilities should be confined to those who can afford to pay for them! It *may* be good Christianity—but it is bad logic, and worse politics. It is better for the State, thinks his Grace, that a poor woman, deserted by her husband, and left with a young family on her hands, should live in open immorality than that she should be enabled, without the expense and delay of our present High Court system, to go to the County Court for release. Oh, for that Business Government! And the John Bull League!

Somebody has sent us the *St. Peter's Church Magazine* (Clapham Junction, Battersea), and has directed our attention to the report of an address by Mr. E. W. Grevatt, the "Lay Worker," under the auspices of the "C.E.T.S." His subject was the "Forward Movement," and according to the report "he chiefly dealt with the three great forces that any such effort, undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity nowadays, had to face." And what do you think these forces are? The present Government, Socialism, and the John Bull League! There's an Unholy Trinity for you!

We always thought the Canadians were funny people, but when we are informed that they stencil mail-bags with the words, "Glasgow, England," we fear that a very serious operation will be necessary before the joke can be appreciated in Scotland. Silvery Laurier has also been contributing to our gaiety by telegraphing aspirations for the welfare of Canada, "as well as all other sister States of the old Motherland." How can the offspring of the motherland be at the same time her sisters?

We shall soon grow tired of thanking Mr. Sydney Buxton for so assiduously reading our columns. Not only has he given us cleaner pens, and less decrepit pen-holders, and ink that will write, but he has asked two or three ladies behind the counters, who imagine that they own the public, to try and mend their manners. This is well. The vast majority of our postal servants are admirable. As Buller said, "the men are splendid," and most of the girls are rather nice. But—some few of the women clerks are nearly as disagreeable as they look. They hate to be interrupted by customers who desire stamps and orders. It's not so much the things they say as the nasty way they say them. Mere men are terrified by these creatures—women flee from them. Only the London office-boy is equal to them. But Mr. Buxton will alter all that. Here's to him!

Although Mr. Herbert Gladstone, like a few other prominent politicians, seems to have awakened at last to the consciousness that there is a rising tide of feeling in the country against the cliques who, by legislation, desire to "damn the sins they're not inclined to," we are apparently to have a little more Parliamentary tinkering with the sporting instincts of the people. But even Mr. Gladstone is not ready to turn the Post Office into a private detective agency, wherein officials shall tamper with our letters on the off-chance that they may come across an epistle to a bookmaker—which is the mild idea of some of the members of the Convocation of Canterbury as to the scope of postal administration—but we are promised a Bill which we are assured vaguely enough will endeavour to "check an evil, gigantic and demoralising to the country," &c., &c. There is much to be said against the methods of certain papers which run "competitions" entailing entrance fees, but there are perfectly legitimate competitions; and the Bill will have to be carefully watched. We will watch it. And so will the John Bull League.

We wonder whether Sir Francis Brady, Bart., County Court judge of Tyrone, is in his third childhood? One of the defendants before him recently swore that he earned only 4s. a week wages, with a free house, a small potato patch, and a wife and family. His Honour nevertheless made an instalment order against the man, remarking that he should put his wife to work in the fields to help him pay his debts. When informed that the woman was in delicate health, he replied that his eldest girl (twelve years of age) should go to work, though he must or ought to have known that this would be a breach of the law. In another case he made an order of £5 a quarter, subsequently on pressure reduced to £3, against a schoolmaster who had to keep himself, a wife, and four children on £60 a year. The man had foolishly backed a friend's bill for £40, not a penny of which had he himself received. His Honour is a rich man, drawing £1,200 for his judgeship, and in addition is Crown Prosecutor of Cork, and director of numerous companies. He is 86 years of age, often has forty winks, sometimes more, in the seat of judgment, and costs the county about £20,000 a year in appeals. Taking him all in all, he is a fair average sample of the sort of thing the Irish people get for their money under present methods of administration. As he cannot be removed save by the English Parliament, he will probably remain on the bench till he sleeps to wake no more. In the meantime the County Court litigants of Tyrone sorrow as those without hope.

Jim Crow was dining the other day with some Scottish people, when the electric light went wrong. At last, candles were procured, and everybody was sitting with folded hands, an idyllic picture of primness. *But*—the whisky bottle was found to be standing in the rice-pudding, and Jim was licking his lips in a suspicious manner.

Mr. Frederick Newton March is a gentleman of fortune who suffers from excess of piety, or, as some persons would put it, he is a canting mendicant. A few days ago he appeared at the door of the Rev. Ernest Whittall, of West Norwood, attired in a dilapidated frock-coat, with bifurcations to match, and, apparently, in a fearful state of hard-up. There he produced a letter, the envelope of which was addressed "Dear Sir or Madame,—If a follower of Jesus, the Prince of Peace and King of Kings, kindly read the enclosure." The enclosure, after a salutation of "Grace unto you and Peace multiplied," explained that God in His all-wise Providence had seen fit to permit the bearer, F. N. March, "a fellow-traveller to Zion," to pass through three years of great and sore trials, one of which was that he had been laid up with an accident and could not pay his club money. Would the recipient therefore add a trifle to his list? and the Lord who said "The silver is mine and the gold is mine and the cattle upon a thousand hills, the world is mine and the fulness thereof," would abundantly reward and bless. The piety was laid on too thick even for the rev. gentleman. He therefore requested Mr. March to accompany him to the police-station, where he was found possessed of treasure to the amount of 13s. "I would have assisted the man if he hadn't been such a humbug," said the parson at the police-court, and we really believe he would. At present, our fellow-traveller to Zion is on remand for inquiries. Whether he will reach his destination yet awhile without further earthly travail is not for us to say. Personally, we should not like to travel with him.

One of the most extraordinary of the many extraordinary magisterial decisions which have come under our notice is that of a Mr. Burley, the gentleman who sits in judgment at Petersfield Police-court. A tramp named Bennett, who "had some tea and sugar in a can and a quantity of bread and cheese with him," called at the back-door of the police-station and requested a gift of hot water, whereupon he was arrested and charged with "placing himself in a position to beg." The explanation of the tramp was that he was short-sighted, didn't know he had arrived at the back-door of a police-station, had just bought the food, tea and sugar, and "as he had been out all night he was cold and wanted to make a drop of tea as soon as he could." Then the magistrate: "You have done a very foolish thing and broken the law, and I am afraid you must pay the penalty. You must go to prison for seven days' hard labour." We suppose begging is begging; but surely it is too monstrously wrong that a man should be sent down for seven days for begging water. But perhaps his real offence was in begging it hot, for he could have gone to the town pump or the crystal fountain (if any) and have got it cold without the asking. What a lucky thing for the poor fellow that this is a Christian country! Otherwise he would probably have got seven years.

That was a curious incident which took place in Court during the hearing of the judicial separation case of Rainer v. Rainer. One of the witnesses took the Testament away with her when she left the box. Hurrying after her, the usher recovered the property. It appears to have been a genuine case of kleptomania. The lady was not a microbe collector.

The Dickenses seem to be having a good time just now. Miss Mary Angela Dickens, Miss Dorothy Gertrude Dickens, Miss Cecil Mary Dickens, and Miss Evelyn Bessie Dickens are each to receive a pension of £25, "in recognition of the literary eminence of their grandfather, the late Mr. Charles Dickens, and in consideration of their straitened circumstances." Which shows the foresight of some people in the selection of their grandfather.

We should like to know more of the origin of the recent prosecution of Messrs. Lowden and Harmer, which has resulted in their being found Not Guilty of conspiring to defraud in connection with the sale of British North Borneo stamps. We are not concerned with the details of the case; but Mr. Lowden, for some time prior to the raid on his premises and his own arrest, had been exposing what he alleged were dishonest dealings on the part of other stampsellers, and notably some of the biggest firms in the English trade. None of these firms had taken action against him for libel, we believe, despite his very explicit challenges through the medium of a journal of which he was editor, in which he made the most damning accusations. Then a bogus stamp factory was unearthed in Paris, and correspondence with Mr. Lowden was discovered there. Consequently, the police removed 3,000,000 of his stamps. Most of these were returned as admittedly genuine; it was not denied that he had paid £7,000 in two years for genuine North Borneo stamps; the stamps retained by the police were stated to be "specimens only, bought and offered for sale as reprints." The prosecution could produce no evidence of fraud; on the other hand, it is clear that Mr. Lowden has for years carried on a large *bona-fide* business. We do not like the look of the case at all. However, now that the police have failed to convict Mr. Lowden, perhaps they will try their hand on some of those whom Mr. Lowden says *ought* to be convicted.

Our old friend Peter Karageorgevitch, the Servian usurper, has been falling off his horse again. A news agency announces that his giddiness was due to his habit of smoking strong cigars! Why not pickled salmon—or old plum brandy?

Our attention is directed to a recent article in the *Daily News* upon the Calvin celebration. It affords a striking illustration of the mental and moral obfuscation which so frequently results from fanaticism. The writer, after feeling himself compelled to condemn Calvin for the murder of Servetus "for the heresy of rejecting Calvin's theology," winds up his article with this hypocritical piffle:—

> It has done its work, and is to-day numbered among the things that have been. But if there is any virtue in our modern life, if there is any virility in our convictions, *any passionate love of liberty in our religious demands*, we owe it largely to the keen intellect, clear-cut logic, Christian courage, and consuming enthusiasm of the Genevan reformer who lived not for himself alone, but for his age and posterity.

As a matter of fact, Calvin was one of the worst enemies of human progress who ever lived, and his name is loathed by every lover of liberty.

Our observations on the position of Mr. Jarvis in regard to his accounts as rate collector of Southampton have borne fruit. The Finance Committee has decided to recommend the Town Council to order the institution of such proceedings as counsel may advise. In the meantime Mr. Jarvis has been dismissed from the service of the Council. We congratulate the ratepayers on the fact that thus far, at all events, there seems to be no desire to protect Mr. Jarvis, and if the case is properly put to counsel there is no doubt he will advise that Mr. Jarvis should be given an opportunity to vindicate his character. As we have already pointed out, it would have been not only quite unfair to the ratepayers, but quite unfair to Mr. Jarvis also, to shelve the matter, as seems to have been desired by several weak-kneed members of the Council.

Why did the police interdict the use of an Anti-Vivisection banner with a picture of a dog inoculated with sleeping sickness? If there was likely to be a disturbance, they should have kept their eyes on the medical students.

If any lesson is to be learned from the loss of submarine C11 it is that the craft of which this vessel is a type are in a special degree death-traps to those who man them. Collision follows explosion, and explosion follows collision among them with terrible frequency. As a war vessel no doubt the submarine has come to stay, but all the submarine disasters which this country has had to chronicle in the annals of its Navy have occurred in peace. It is, perhaps, easier to ask why a submarine flotilla should in times of peace be in the tracks of steamships than it is to suggest means of keeping them off the tracks, if they are to manœuvre at all. What is clear is that the peril to commanders and crews is constant. Even on the surface of the water, a submarine is hardly more visible than a porpoise. Neither the officer on the bridge of the *Eddystone* nor the look-out appears to have seen any of the flotilla till she had cut into it, though, according to a seaman, all lights were burning and "we looked like a little town." "There was a dense fog prevailing at the time," says the *Eddystone's* captain. If this were so, it probably explains everything. But it is all very sad.

Policemen on the beat will be gratified to hear that the King has decided to institute a decoration for members of the force, to be awarded for long and meritorious service. We understand it will be designed to arrest attention.

At Orford a few days ago, one Daniel Buxton, enticed away a widow's cat. "Soon afterwards she saw the cat lying in her front garden, with a lot of blood on it, and portions of the inside hanging out." Mr. Buxton afterwards explained to the police that he was very sorry, but he had tried to perform a delicate operation on the cat, and that it had not been successful. Considering these facts, the Woodbridge magistrates fined Mr. Buxton six shillings and costs, the Chairman remarking that the defendant had been "guilty of a very cruel deed." The deed was very cruel, certainly. On the other hand, is was very, very cheap. Our own idea of the price would be about six months' hard without the option. But then the Woodbridge magistrates always were a lenient folk. Even if a man were caught in the act of sleeping out they would not give him more than seven days; save in exceptional cases.

It goes without saying that the wife of Canon Gedge, Rector of Gravesend, must be a very wicked or a very imaginative woman, if, as the President of the Divorce Court has decided, the charges of misconduct with her which she made against the Rev. H. T. Martin, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Old Brompton, Chatham, are in fact invention or hallucination. Taking that view, one must also take the other—that in meeting this woman in a hotel and at her private club to try and settle her religious doubts, and in writing to her letters signed "H," first denied, then admitted, Mr. Martin was extremely foolish. "I think that this lady's statements are not to be relied on, and that Mr. Martin acted foolishly but not in any way improperly," said Sir John Bigham in stating his "mental attitude" prior to dismissing the petition. Seeing that this lady, having made her charges, afterwards retracted them in *The Times*, Canon Gedge could hardly have hoped to convince the judge of the truth of them. But probably he thought that alike in duty to himself, his wife, a brother of the cloth, the diocese, and his Church, he ought to take action. Our sympathy is certainly with him, and if he is gratified with the result, our congratulations also.

We read that relays of boy scouts, exercised in despatch-carrying near Doncaster, "traversed 30 miles in 3¼ hours, but lost the letter." Still, things might have been worse. They might have kept the letter and lost their way.

A few days ago the wife of a man named Oliver, died at Wath-on-Dene. The husband notified the District Council of the day and time fixed for the funeral, but the official fell ill; at least, that is the explanation given. What is strange is that no other official of the Council seems to have concerned himself about the matter; the sexton was left without instructions; and when the widower and the mourners arrived at the cemetery with the corpse it was discovered that no grave had been prepared. The body had to be left in the chapel until the next day. The widower is a working man, and apart from his natural distress he had to sacrifice another day's wages and pay the undertaker's additional charges, while many of the relatives, coming from a distance, were also put to expense. The least the Council can do now is to reimburse the widower.

The impertinences of a section of the illustrated journals are becoming a little difficult to bear. The apparent collaboration of policemen and other Government employees is pressed upon our notice much too often. Some weeks ago, a paper published a picture of one of the accused in a naval robbery, wearing the full uniform of an A.B., and being held before the camera by an obliging constable. Had we been that constable's superior we should have had something to say on the point. The sailor may or may not have been guilty of the offence; technically, at least he was an innocent person, and, apart from that, why should the uniform of His Majesty's Navy be held up to obloquy in this way?

The clergy speak at times in riddles. The Rev. William Allen, of Eccleshall, does so. "There is more money in the pockets of some whom I have in my mind's eye," he says, "than there ought to be, and which would not be there if they had been in church." This is a weird utterance, in letter and spirit alike. Does the Reverend William mean simply that "if they had been in church" they would have been so moved by his discourse as to give a portion of their possessions, or that some of the members of his congregation are in the habit of taking away more than they bring? Or what? The other day there was in London a lady pickpocket whose place of business was a West End cathedral. In India there is a class of woman that devotes itself chiefly to sacred edifices. They are so adept that they will remove one's ear-rings, or even nose-rings, without the operation being noticed. It is said that a certain gang actually lifted the breeks of a Hielander, and got off with them without being captured! They are very deft, we repeat, and Sandy may have been a heavy sleeper. But surely that was not the sort of thing the Reverend William of Eccleshall had in his mind?

Will somebody please take Mr. Harry Lauder into a quiet corner, bathe his proud Caledonian brow with vinegar rags, and when the swelling has subsided, sit gently on his head for a few months? It will do him a world of good. We admire the talent of Mr. Lauder—on the music-hall stage: we admire his legs and his crooked stick and his accent. We cannot say how much we admire these things. We admire (and envy) his salary. But we do wish he would stick to his last. He is in danger of becoming a nuisance. Respectable journals are beginning to print his "views" on things—among them on the non-existent modern British Drama. Now, Harry Lauder possibly knows just as much about the British Drama as the next Scottish pit-boy to come along and sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," or the first girl you meet from Peter Robinson's or a distant parsonage. Let Mr. Lauder and all editors take warning! Poor Dan Leno was ruined by this grotesque form of hero-worship.

We remember that some years ago a certain railway company which had been attacked by clerical gentlemen for running trains on Sunday offered to allow religious shareholders who had scruples about receiving such "tainted money" to have the proportion of Sabbath-earned profit deducted from their dividends, and that no one took advantage of the privilege! However, the idea is to be revived. At the last meeting of the Representative Church Council a resolution, whose general aim was admirable—namely, to remind religious investors that they do not dismiss their moral obligations by sinning through the medium of boards of directors—gave rise to some beautiful clap-trap. A wise man from Chichester, one Chambers, said the clerical shareholders in railway companies should try and do away with Sunday traffic. He was duly applauded, although there was not wanting a voice of commonsense to point out that "Sunday traffic has been forced upon the directors of railways by the demands of the public." And the terrible thing is that more and more of such traffic will be called for as people become more and more wise and sociable, and tolerant. Dickens has left us a memorable picture of the England of his day. No sane man could wish to go back to it. We may observe the Sabbath as much in the future as our grandfathers did in the past—but we shall do it differently.

In a different way the Sunday question has arisen in Sheffield. It will be recalled that the Lord's Day Observance Society recently solemnly petitioned Mr. Haldane to prevent military exercises by Territorial forces on Sunday, as to which we reminded the L.D.O.S. that there was a wide difference between a military organisation and a Sunday-school. A rev. gentleman with a Nonconformist conscience, the secretary of a body calling itself the Sheffield Citizens' Committee, seems to have taken the hint from the aforementioned L.D.O.S. and protested through the Lord Bishop against the Sunday drills and parades of the 9th Battery of the Sheffield Artillery. In the person of Major Gainsford, however, the rev. gentleman has run up against a spirited citizen, and the parson is now not only small potatoes, but small potatoes well mashed. The Major tells him that the Territorials are composed of men for the most part engaged in civil duties during the week, that they are, nevertheless, trying to make themselves competent to defend their country and the unco' guid who would not be able to defend themselves, and that if the rev. gentleman and those who think with him had their way they would hang out signs at suitable spots on the coast of England, "No Invading Force Attended to on Sundays." So far the honours are distinctly with the Major.

An Englishman living in Berlin complains, not without reason, that many, if not most, of our consuls abroad are not Englishmen. In the principal cities of Germany, for instance, the British consulates are in the hands of German Jews. Having regard to our intimate commercial relations with foreign countries, and the large number of more or less private affairs of business which are confided to British consuls by British firms, surely it is obvious that such posts should be in the hands of our own people. It is next to impossible that a foreigner can act for us with zeal in furtherance of British interests in his own country. The truth is, our Governments do not attach sufficient importance to our consulates, nor do our manufacturers make sufficient use of them. We called the attention of Sir Edward Grey to the matter two years ago in the House of Commons, and were assured by him that British subjects were always appointed, if available. Let *him* look into the German consulates, whilst we are getting along with our ships.

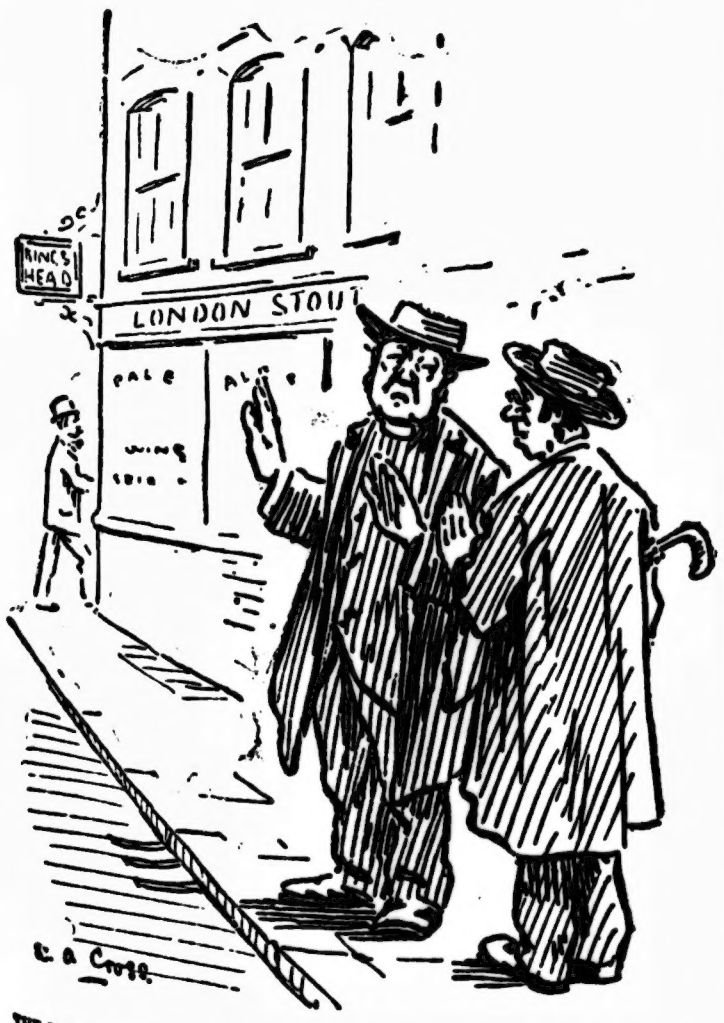
It will be recalled that some few months ago we approved the announcement of the "Christian Business Association" of East Ham to sell fruit and vegetables and eggs and milk and cream and other desirable products of the earth, the hen, and the cow, on Christian principles; though we were not very sanguine of the financial results. It now turns out that these are disastrous. "We now retire," says Mr. Lipscomb, the proprietor, "because we will not enter into a competitive war with our neighbour, whose cutting prices either compel us to fight with the same weapons or retire. Our effort has been to make business a pulpit, but the experiment has been followed by great loss." Not long ago a famous Bishop stated that it would be impossible to run a nation on the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount, and now on the same lines it seems to be not less impossible to run a shop.

It's a wonderful world! Smokers of clay-pipes, workers in tar and paraffin, soot-users, and chewers of betel-nut, have been known to suffer from various forms of cancer. X-rays may cause skin cancer. There are X-rays in clay pipes, tar, paraffin, soot, and betel-nut. Therefore these things X-ray us into cancer. There's logic for you; also science.

THIS WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

He had just got over an attack of *delirium tremens* and was playing a game of billiards. When about to take his stroke a mischievous friend threw a rat upon the table. The striker's eyes started from his head, and he trembled like an aspen leaf. His joking friends pretended to soothe him, and after taking a little brandy he began to feel all right. Being ashamed of the exhibition he had made of himself, he laughingly said: "It's all right, old chappies, I was only having a bit of fun with you. *I never saw any rat.*"

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—



THE VICAR AND CHURCHWARDENS OF ST. SAVIOUR'S, CHELSEA, WHO DISMISSED THE PARISH CLERK BECAUSE HE WAS KNOWN TO HAVE ENTERED PUBLIC HOUSES.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For referring to "the HIND LEGS *" of a bird,*
M.A.P.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a black Minorca hen belonging to Police-constable Priddle has for the last fortnight laid every day TWO *eggs at* ONCE,"
THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following sentences: "One man was killed, and three other persons were injured. The city gave itself up to holiday-making for the event,"
THE MANCHESTER DAILY DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein wore "a white feather BOAT,"
THE DAILY GRAPHIC
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the cause of the suffering AMERICAN *Christians was pleaded,"*
THE SOUTH WALES DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "Violent fight between ORANGEMEN *and* PROTESTANTS,"
THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For speaking of a "wound in the forehead, UNDER THE EYES,"
P.C. CANBY (according to
THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing himself at the foot of a circular as "Ass. Man. & Sec.,"
MR. H. S. ROGERS, OF PALMERSTON HOUSE,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring to an At Home as "very successful," and then stating that the attendance was "utterly disappointing,"
THE CROYDON GUARDIAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a man "touched a LIVE WIFE *and was electrocuted. Death was instantaneous, as the voltage was great,"*
THE GLASGOW DAILY RECORD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report:—"In one case in Cowcaddens the officers found a man, woman, and six children, aged twelve, ten, eight, six, and four years, all occupying one bed in the kitchen, while on a couch in the same apartment was a young man lodger. The room was ENTIRELY UNOCCUPIED,"
THE GLASGOW WEEKLY HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For inserting the report of a sermon on "*THE CURSE OF GAMBLING*" immediately under its "*LATEST LONDON BETTING,"
THE LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement:—"The mild, delicate, flavour of Salmon should not be spoiled by the addition of an unsuitable sauce. The right sauce FOR THE PURPOSE *is Lea & Perrins',"*
MESSRS. LEA & PERRINS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

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*For stating in his evidence at the inquest on the lady who died as the result of a shampoo at Harrod's, that he had applied the shampoo "*1,000 *times a year, and* SOMETIMES *three or four times a day,"*
MR. JOHN CHARLES MACEY
(*per THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE LICENSED TRADE.

[Striking extracts from speeches and letters of Ministers and their Temperance supporters, indicating a determination to secure, through the Budget, the objects of the defeated Licensing Bill.]

It has long been a recognised constitutional doctrine that a Government must not "tack" on to the Finance Bill—with which it is assumed that the House of Lords may not interfere—proposals which have been the subject of rejected legislative measures. But there can be no doubt that in regard to the Licensing Trade this principle is being totally disregarded, and we append extracts from various utterances by members of His Majesty's Government and its Temperance supporters—clearly showing that the Budget proposals, as affecting the Trade, are the outcome of a deliberate threat to secure, through the medium of the Budget, the objects of the defeated Licensing Bill—instead of taking the opinion of the country upon it:—

Mr. URE (Lord Advocate, late Solicitor-General for Scotland), at Skipton, on May 22nd, 1908, said:—

> We shall have a licence duty next year, if the Licensing Bill is rejected, which will secure the monopoly value to the people of this country before the year is out.

Again, speaking at Stirling on October 2nd, 1908, Mr. Ure said:—

> If the House of Lords rejected the Bill, which he did not think they would, the country would see a swing ing duty imposed on all licences by the Government.

And again, speaking at Coatbridge, on October 31st, 1908, he said:—

> In the event of the House of Lords throwing out or mangling the Bill to any extent, the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would impose such a heavy License Duty that fully one-fourth of the public-houses would be forced to shut their doors. He also referred to retaliative measures, which he declared would make the licensed trade appreciate the present measure as a fair one. He would simply lay on the trade not a small paltry fee, but a swingeing licensing duty which would enable the country, not fourteen years hence, but within the present financial year, to recover what was its own property.

Colonel SEELY, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, at Wirral, on July 3rd, 1908, said:—

> The Licensing Bill is to be pressed forward. When it goes to the House of Lords it is expected that it will go through there also. If it does not, there will be other methods which the Government will be forced to adopt. For that reason I do not doubt that the Bill will become law.

Mr. CHURCHILL, President of the Board of Trade, speaking in Hyde Park on July 25th, 1908, said:—

> I say to our brewing friends, when they are gathered together in deep consultation around the flowing bowl, when they are drinking the health of the House of Lords, when they are cheering for an assembly which boasts that it will defy the will of the masses of the people, let them remember that budgets are beyond the control of the House of Lords, and that if the licensed trade refuses the just and considerate provisions of this great temperance measure they may easily find that they have leaped from the frying-pan into the fire.

Again, speaking at Manchester, on October 13th, 1908, Mr. Churchill said:—

> His Majesty's Government, and I think the present House of Commons, will not shrink from using the power of the purse which the people's Chamber still possesses unimpeached and unimpaired.

Mr. MCKENNA, First Lord of the Admiralty, speaking at Manchester on December 4th, 1908, said:—

> If the Lords would not let them deal with a certain subject in the ordinary way, the Commons were justified in dealing with the same subject in such a way as the Lords could not refuse their assent. . . . . It was open to them, through the means of taxation, not only to raise a great deal of money on the taxation of licences, but to effect one of the main objects of the Bill, namely, the reduction of superfluous licensed premises.

Mr. HOBHOUSE, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, speaking at Bristol on December 4th, 1908, said:—

> He hoped the Government would deal at no distant date with the Licensing Question by financial means.

Mr. J. A. PEASE, Chief Whip, speaking at Saffron Walden on December 4th, 1908, said:—

> I imagine that people will expect that Mr. Lloyd George will cause the abolition of the redundant licences by placing taxation on them so that the people may get back their own.

Sir THOMAS WHITTAKER, speaking in Hyde Park on July 25th, 1908, said:—

> Everyone knew that, if the House of Lords were to reject the Bill, the Government would propose in the very next Session of Parliament to tax the Trade as it ought to be taxed. If ever the Trade were so unwise as to force that to be done, he thought it would speedily come to the conclusion that the tender mercies of Whittaker were to be preferred to the taxes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. LEIF JONES stated in the *Westminster Gazette*, on November 25th, 1908:—

> The Chancellor of the Exchequer will have a free hand to tax licences to the utmost of his capacity, and the Trade may live to regret that the House of Lords threw out the Licensing Bill.

Again, speaking at Bo'ness on December 4th, 1908, Mr. Leif Jones said:—

> He was inclined to think that while the Licensing Bill chastised the Trade with whips, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would chastise them with scorpions. There would be no difficulty in placing upon the Trade in May next whatever increase of duty the Government thought fit.

Mr. ASQUITH, in the course of the Debate on the Licensing Bill, said:—

> You talk of confiscation in connection with this. Let me suggest another way in which this matter might be dealt with. It is going to be my duty, I am glad to say for the last time, to introduce the Budget in a day or two. Supposing on Thursday next, this Bill never having been introduced, I came down, and finding, as every Chancellor of the Exchequer finds, that the State is in need of additional resources, I were to say, "I think it is about time we revised our scale of license duties," and that in pursuance of that design I suggested to the House that instead of the present perfectly trumpery and illusory duties exacted from the higher valued houses, there should be a really good swingeing licence duty. . . . . Would that be confiscation? Supposing next year, or the year after, my right hon. friend who succeeds me—assuming that this Bill is not passed into law—being a more moderate-minded man than I am, were to say, "Oh, well, we won't do this thing all at once; we will do it step by step. I am going to propose that, say, for the next ten years there shall be an ascending scale of licence duties. . . . . Suppose, I say, my right hon. friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget for next year, should propose an ascending scale of duties, carefully graduated to ease the application as far as possible of the principle of bringing up the scale to where it ought to stand, would that be confiscation?

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE

President: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Offices: 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Object. *To oppose Cant and Self-Righteousness, and to promote a robust and self-reliant public opinion, independently of all creeds and parties.*

An Inaugural Meeting will shortly be held, to adopt the Rules and Constitution.

SALVATION ARMY—TESTATORS BEWARE!

HOW THE ARMY DEFAMED A BENEFACTOR.

On July 7th Sir John Bigham and a special jury had before them the case of *Cardinall and Another v. Booth.* This was an action in which General Booth, as the head of the Salvation Army, entered a caveat against a will of the late Mrs. Rona Raymond Murray, propounded by Mrs. Lily Cardinall and Mr. William Lotinga, and dated June, 1908. Under a previous will, and upon the death of Mrs. Murray's child without heirs, the Salvation Army would have taken £30,000, a valuable house, and the residue of the estate. Under the later will they took nothing, and General Booth contested it wholly on the ground that the deceased was of unsound mind when she made it.

THE GENERAL CORNERED.

Mrs. Rona Murray had been a lifelong friend of the Army, and she had helped it in many ways. Even when within sight of death, confined to her room, and suffering from an incurable disease, she had opposed her co-executors under Mr. George Herring's will, in the interest of the Salvation Army, by making statements and swearing affidavits that went far to establish the contested claim of the Salvation Army to the huge bequest made to it by the late Mr. Herring. These circumstances entitled her to unusual consideration at the hands of the Salvation Army authorities, which they admitted in letters of fulsome gratitude. And there was another factor in the case to which no decent man could be indifferent. Litigation of the kind that afterwards took place meant publishing to the world a very painful incident in the life of the deceased lady. The son to whom reference has been made had been brought up by Mrs. Murray as an adopted son. No one but herself, her mother, and another knew that he was really her son, though not by her husband, and to thrash out this claim of the Salvation Army in Court was to smirch the child with a lifelong stain. Of course, if General Booth was satisfied, upon evidence which experts had examined, that the will and codicil set up by Mr. Lotinga and Mrs. Cardinall were bad, extorted from the testator on her death bed, when she was physically and mentally incapable of making a will, then it might well be urged that whatever the pain to individuals, it was General Booth's duty as trustee for the Salvation Army to press his claim. But there was no such evidence. There was not a shadow of proof that Mrs. Murray was not of sound mind when she made her last will, and always throughout her life. There was abundant evidence to prove the contrary. Mrs. Cardinall and Mr. Lotinga, the executors, through their solicitors, offered to put the whole of the facts before General Booth and his solicitors. They offered to show them the evidence which four eminent doctors were prepared to give in the witness box, these doctors being Sir Watson Cheyne and Dr. H. Campbell—both specialists—Dr. Roche, and Mrs. Murray's family doctor, Dr. Moore, of Maidenhead, who attended her for a year, almost daily, right up to the day of her death. They were also prepared to submit the evidence of several hospital nurses from qualified nursing homes, who attended Mrs. Murray until the day of her death, respectively on day and night duty. In addition, they would have submitted the evidence of a minister who attended and said prayers with her; of some twelve servants, to all of whom she gave her own personal orders right up to the time of her death; of a bank manager, the secretary of a company she was particularly interested in, and the manager of an insurance company, all of whom journeyed expressly from London to see her on business matters at the time of the will, and just subsequent to its being made. General Booth refused to consider this evidence, and insisted upon going on to trial unless Mr. Lotinga and Mrs. Cardinall were willing that he should take £15,000. Later on, he was willing to settle for £2,500, if that sum, which the later will allocated to charity, was given to the Salvation Army; then he offered to drop the action if only his bare costs were paid, and finally, when that was refused, suggested that each side should pay its own costs if he was allowed to pose as the protector of the boy, so that he might be whitewashed in the public eye. But by that time the plaintiffs had closed the door to compromise. They looked upon the action of General Booth as altogether unwarrantable. They refused to come to terms of any sort or kind with him, or to alter the character of the proceedings to give him the sought-for loophole of escape.

THE ARMY'S CHANGE OF FRONT.

Up to this time nothing had been said about the child. The Army people had fought the case on the ground of their monetary interest. In a letter dated January 26th Mr. Bramwell Booth wrote pointing out that "the interests of the Salvation Army under the earlier will were not inconsiderable, as upon the death of the child without issue the Salvation Army would take £30,000, Bridge House, and the residue," and that "such a reversion was obviously of considerable value, and upon actuarial valuation worth immediately a large sum." That was the position taken up when the caveat was entered, and a veto put upon the administration of the estate; and it was only when the Salvation Army authorities found that they could get nothing out of the estate without fighting, and when they must have known that their case as against the will was one of the flimsiest that ever went into a court of law, that they shifted their ground and professed they were interested, and interested only, in preserving the rights of the boy. On May 19th Messrs. Ranger, Burton and Frost, the solicitors of the Salvation Army, wrote to the plaintiffs that their clients had determined not to go "to the expense of further contesting the matter, but in view of the difference between the position of the child, Edward Gilbert Everard Murray, under the two wills in question, our client feels strongly that the child's interest under the will you are seeking to establish should at least be made unquestionably secure on lines such as the Court would in the case of a child without legal or natural guardians approve." By what right did General Booth claim to be the guardian of this child, who had both natural and legal guardians who were devoted to him? What business was it of his whether the child was properly treated under the will or not? As a matter of fact, and as General Booth might have satisfied himself, the interests of the child were completely protected. Under the original will he was to have had £30,000, but that will was made when Mrs. Murray thought she was a much wealthier woman than she actually was. In the new will, when there had been a re-valuation of her estate, most of the bequests of the old will were reduced by half, and so the bequest to the child was reduced to £15,000. Early in the litigation the plaintiffs had offered to satisfy General Booth that the shares which were to be selected to provide this £15,000 were the best belonging to the estate. They went further, and offered that the High Court should be asked itself to select these shares if the selection made by the testatrix was not thought satisfactory. What more could be offered or suggested, even if General Booth had had the right of interference, which he assuredly had not? If his interest in the child had been genuine he would have accepted the offer of the plaintiffs, would have earmarked certain shares, and would have put them in charge of independent trustees whom the executors were quite willing should be nominated. Instead, he preferred to drag the case into Court, to publish to the world the circumstances of the birth of the child, to allow it is to be supposed that the father of the child was his benefactor, Mr. Herring, who was known to be a close and warm friend of Mrs. Murray. No consideration for the reputation of the child, no thought of the reputation of his great benefactor, which he must have known would be injuriously and unjustly affected by the necessities of the defence, induced General Booth to stay his hand—and so the case was pushed to trial, although Mrs. Murray's mother had called on Mr. Bramwell Booth and prayed of him not to make her daughter's sad secret public.

THE RESULT.

It came on for hearing as we have said. The evidence in support of the sanity of Mrs. Murray when the will was made was overwhelming. General Booth did not attempt to upset that evidence, and the end of it was that the offer made by the plaintiffs months and months ago that £15,000 in shares should be earmarked for the child's benefit was accepted. For twelve months the action of the Salvation Army people had hung up the estate and, so far as they knew, or apparently cared, the boy was left to starve; poor persons dependant upon the administration of the will for the continuance of allowances made them by the late Mrs. Murray were put to the greatest inconvenience; the good name of one of the most munificent benefactors ever known to the Salvation Army was held up, without a tittle of excuse, to public reprobation; the child on whose behalf it was pretended these proceedings had been taken was publicly branded as a bastard; and all this was done because the Salvation Army authorities refused to admit their error, and insisted on going on with the litigation when their own solicitors would have advised them, and did, in fact advise them, that they had not the shadow of a case in support of their claim.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See Page iii. of Cover.

MOTORISTS, POLICE AND MAGISTRATES IN SUSSEX.

[*A few plain words about the manner in which the Sussex magistrates deal with motorists.*]

We have had occasion before to refer to the unfair action of magistrates and police in Sussex in dealing with motorists. We are sorry to find that this unfairness continues, and consider it desirable to direct public attention to two recent cases. The first to which we wish to refer is that of Mr. Alfred Drabble, a well-known motorist of Kingston Hill, who, whilst driving from Brighton to Tunbridge Wells, about a mile on the Brighton side of Stanmore Gates, was stopped by a policeman named Waghorn—Sergeant Waghorn—who asked to see Mr. Drabble's licence. After inspecting it, the sergeant returned it with thanks. Mr. Drabble asked if there was anything more the sergeant required, and the sergeant, equally polite, said there was nothing, explaining that they were merely inspecting licences that day, as occasionally motorists were found to be travelling without them.

Some days afterwards, Mr. Drabble, who had thought no more of these inspections, was astonished by the receipt of a notice that he would be prosecuted for exceeding the legal limit. In due course he was brought before the Lewes County Bench, found guilty of driving at excessive speed, and fined £25, and £1 1s. costs, or three months' imprisonment in the Second Division, his licence being suspended for six months. Mr. Drabble appealed to the Quarter Sessions, but as the constitution of Quarter Sessions is much that of the ordinary Bench, he did not look for much relief in that quarter. Nor did he get it, the only alteration made by the Quarter Sessions being to reduce the suspension to three months. Incensed at what he considered gross injustice, Mr. Drabble took the case to the High Court, where Mr. Justice Grantham held that the conviction was bad, allowed the appeal, and ordered the police to pay the costs, while the fine of £26 1s. was struck out, and the insulting alternative sentence of three months' imprisonment was expunged. The costs that had to be paid by the Chief Constable of East Sussex amounted to £46 18s. 1d.

The second case to which we wish to direct attention is that of Mr. J. O. Foster. Mr. Foster is a man of unimpeachable character, an architect by profession, and very well known in the district. Mr. Foster was on a motor cycle when he was met by the police at Handcross, the same Sergeant Waghorn who figured in Mr. Drabble's case playing a similar part in the second case. In reply to Mr. Foster's questions, the sergeant informed him that he and his men were "simply examining licences." But a day or two afterwards Mr. Foster received a notice similar to the one that had so surprised Mr. Drabble. We may observe that if he had had any idea that the sergeant intended to proceed against him for over-speed, he would have been able to support his denial by the evidence of three passing cyclists who spoke to him whilst he was waiting and dismounted by his motor cycle in Handcross Village. Not dreaming that any charge was to be made against him, Mr. Foster did not take the address of these cyclists, and so their evidence was lost to him. It should be added that Mr. Foster's brother, Mr. Thomas E. Foster, an official of the L.C.C., had joined him just before the sergeant stopped him, and this is what Mr. Thos. E. Foster says in an affidavit:

> That my brother, John Oliver Foster, was wrongly convicted by the Haywards Heath Bench on Monday, June 14th, 1909, of riding a motor cycle on Sunday, May 9th, 1909, at about 10.30 a.m., at a speed of 24 miles an hour from the 33rd to the 34th milestone on the Brighton Road, which distance includes the village of Handcross.

Mr. J. O. Foster was fined £10 and costs.

Below we contrast the evidence of the police and defendant as given before the magistrates:—

Police.	Defendant.
On oath: That defendant rode at 24 *miles* an hour between the 33rd and 34th milestones.	*On oath:* That he *dismounted* after passing the 33rd milestone, and waited for his brother, who afterwards joined him.
That defendant rode *unaccompanied* between the above two points. (A uniformed man afterwards admitted in the course of cross-examination that defendant had a companion with him when stopped.)	That he rode side by side with his brother past the 34th milestone, where they commented on the palpably disguised policemen timing them, placing emphasis on the fact that they were both stopped *together* by the uniformed man at the bottom of the hill.

The police further swore to defendant's identity, although differently dressed when in court, and notwithstanding defendant was garbed on the day in overalls with cap over ears and motor goggles on, and was travelling, it was alleged, at a speed exceeding 24 miles an hour!

Mr. J. O. Foster uses the Brighton road on business journeys two or three times a week, and *was fully aware of the existence of the police trap at Handcross.* For years past travelling on this road, it might be said he knows the exact position of each milestone. He generally stops at Handcross or Crawley for food.

At the same Sessions at which this savage fine was imposed upon Mr. Foster, upon evidence that ought not to have hanged a cat, three men were summoned for being drunk when in charge of a horse and cart. It was stated in evidence that there were three men in the cart, and that it was being "driven all over the road." The defendant gave a wrong name, and two previous convictions were proved against him. He was fined £1, including costs!

MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

[*Some of the dangers of "missionary" work exposed.*]

By E. J. A. Murdoch.

How many of us, I wonder, have thoroughly gone into the question of the results achieved by our missionaries in India?

We have stereotyped statistics of the number of converted heathen and balance-sheets which show our national expenditure in spreading the Gospel in parts abroad, but there is nothing that can show us the number of lasting converts or the amount of actual good which has been performed.

The missionary societies make the great mistake of considering that the Eastern minds work on the same lines as their Western brothers.

A missionary is drafted, let us say, to some up-country Indian village direct from college. He has, it is true, whilst in India, to pass certain exams., but these deal chiefly with the language and their ideas of creed, and not with the manners or customs of the natives at all. He is fired with ardour for his faith, and imagines that he will bring the black sheep of India to his fold under the same system which has brought him perhaps so much success in the English village he has just left. This is a fallacy.

The Indian mind is distinctly conservative and cannot understand rapid changes. After a time his mind grasps the fact that the white man is endeavouring to show that we are all brothers and exist on an equal plane; again another fallacy. Having grasped this fact, he immediately turns his mind to prove the fact that he is not only equal but superior. When this idea has been firmly grasped, he starts to think more of his own position and of the position of the white man, and finds what the missionary has taught him in theory does not appear to be put in practice. He finds himself governed by white men, and his country in the hands of a people he has taught himself to look upon as his inferiors.

What is the result? His mind is inflamed with dangerous ideas, which, in the hands of Eastern orators soon result in becoming an overwhelming passion, and at last a dangerous frenzy of madness.

If the societies for missionaries, instead of selecting men from England, were to choose men who had spent their lives in studying the Eastern mind, even though their creed might not be of such conformity and exact similarity as the young theological student, and their expenses might be greater, I firmly believe that the means would justify the end, and that perhaps with a slow and judicious training the Eastern nations might be able to some extent to understand the Western and more modernised ideas.

I have no quarrel with missionaries; they are hard-working and conscientious in some cases, but they are so wrapped up in their own creed that they make no effort to conciliate the Indian mind, and, consequently, instead of doing good they are planting the seeds of sedition and unrest throughout the whole continent of Asia.

What is your Number?

See page iii of cover.

THE BRACELET.

By MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS.

Author of "Saints in Society," "A Shepherd of Kensington," etc.

"True till death," said darling Bride O'Neill. "That's what it says inside it, see? And it's locked on, and he keeps the key. And so long as it holds on we are—we are—well, each other's entirely, don't you know."

She showed me the bangle at Hurlingham, after a long afternoon's polo match in which "he" had taken rather a brilliant part. Bride's eyes, which were naughty usually—she was half Irish, and her name was short for Bridget—shone out to-night in the softly-coloured rays of the terrace illuminations with quite a new radiance, something that went oddly with the French frivol of her frock.

I hardly knew the flirt in this new character. Had Dicky Histed worked all this miracle by merely offering to become hers for all eternity? So many people had offered the same thing so many times that it was difficult to see the logic of this sudden enthusiasm in such a butterfly—a thing so compact of laughter and love, with mercurial dimples.

Still, when the time came for the wraps and the motors, and Bride was whirled away alone with her fiancé, anyone could see that Histed was volcanically in love. Major and Mrs. O'Neill talked enthusiastically of the engagement, till Major O'Neill went to sleep and snored, whilst Madame confided to me that dear Bridget might have married a title, but that was neither here nor there. As it certainly was not here, I held forth on the certainty of Histed's obtaining his captaincy at no very remote date.

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. O'Neill, "the marriage will not take place till that occurs. The Major is most insistent upon that point." (I had never seen the Major insistent upon any point except his dinner.) "Isn't he wildly in love?"

Histed was a good-looking person with very ardent blue eyes and an up-curled moustache that must have hid, by the set of it, a full and puffy upper lip. The passion, egotism, and hysteria revealed by that particular feature was evinced just at this period in a wild loverliness that made this pair the joke and talk of their particular circle. The vows he made, not only privately to Bride, but anywhere, anyhow, in Club and drawing-room, were rather in keeping with that melodramatic locked bracelet idea. One felt that such lovers as Dante, Abelard, Romeo, were positively playing second fiddle. Then his regiment got its order, and he went, protesting and vowing eternal devotion from the very rail of the liner. He was a splendid lover.

Some months later I met Bride at an affair at the Bachelors' Club. Promising as this pasture was, she actually was not flirting.

"Dick is to have his captaincy in a few weeks' time," she whispered, excitedly. She was radiant with the news.

Her raised hand, as she lifted her tea-cup, showed the gleam of the gold bracelet. She was looking prettier than ever, perhaps because added to her natural glitter and gaiety there was a look of something earnest and mysterious in her eyes. She really was a good advertisement for falling in love. The "inconsequent puppy" look was giving place to something like absolute beauty, the first hint of soul.

"When is that Histed—O'Neill marriage coming off?" asked a seasoned club-warrior (feminine)one day of another of her sort, quite aloud in a military ladies' club drawing-room.

"When Captain Histed is less busy, I suppose," laughed the other, harshly, and proceeded to relate some story of a hill station flirtation, rather curiously replete with local colour for mere gossip.

"But he was so devoted," protested the first lady.

"Well, he is continuing it in our next!" laughed the second.

"Then the girl ought to know about it!" the elder woman replied, sententious and snorting.

One supposes they did manage to tell Bride's people, for after that, when you met her anywhere at dinner, she wore short sleeves—though it was the fashion to affect them long that year—and the big solid gleam of the gold bracelet set itself squarely, almost defiantly on her round arm.

The weeks passed and still there was no talk of her going to India. Then a boy from Histed's regiment came over on leave, and as he was known in all that set, one or two people pumped him. He was a harmless sort of chatter-box by nature, and as he didn't know Bride, except by name, he let go without stint, and told two or three Histed legends of much later date than the hill-station story of that club-warrior. They were rather startling legends, and they got about freely, as evil stories do, somehow.

Bride said nothing to anyone, but she acquired a funny little trick, in addition to a new capacity for stillness. In greeting you, she would shake hands rather a long time, and raise her left hand to her breast, playing with her lilies or a chain or anything else that she wore, so that the bracelet, with its little padlock, almost hit you in the eye. It was quite a stately kind of reproach.

"I wish you'd say something to my girl," Mrs. O'Neill said one day, with the pathos of rather skimpy tears gleaming under the ramifications of fringe-nets guarding her regulation military toupee. "This terrible business cannot go on. I know Bride is utterly miserable, because she is turning quite religious. But she will say nothing. Not a word can I get in edgeways, either, myself. But you could sound her, she has such confidence in you. Do, do dear friend! It cannot go on after these scandals. It's all that idiotic bauble that he locked on to her arm! As if a padlock meant anything!"

We were sitting in the Gloucester Place drawing-room amongst the many photographs in silver frames, and the Indian table covers and fatuous idols that Mrs. O'Neill affected. She dabbed at the tears with a doll's pocket-handkerchief, fearing their continuation down her frankly violet cheeks. The bearings of her much-boned bodice strained and creaked with her emotion. It all seemed so helpless, and I felt so sorry for her that I tried twice to accomplish the task she had given me, but each time was severely worsted by the stern reserve of Bride. After all you cannot tell a girl that her man does not love her, and any allusion to his unworthiness apparently did not count as an argument. It doesn't with a woman, as a rule.

Then bit by bit the affair grew into a slow tragedy. People ceased to speak about it. It was too uncomfortable, and society hates that sort of thing. It will have smiles or nothing. Every month one heard some new addition to Histed's gallant exploits, and he was written to and expostulated with. Goodness knows what excuses he made, but Bride forgave him again and again. Yet even the Major, goaded at last to authoritatively smashing the engagement, through pity for the girl and much urging of the fringe-nets, could not persuade his outraged daughter to have "the bauble" removed. It was never to be removed till her love gave way, she persisted obstinately. She used to raise it to heaven in a funny, stuffy "High" Church that she found off a big, busy London street, kneeling there by one of the thin wooden chairs at a dark side altar at odd hours of the day, when other people were shopping.

I saw her there one day by chance, and pretended I didn't, and went softly out again. It was such a wan revelation! She did not look like Bride, somehow. She looked like Elizabeth in "Tannhauser," and one supposed the prayer was also for the man. Those self-less prayers!

Then I went abroad, and did not see any of them for quite ages. I had almost forgotten the affair by then, and should have done so entirely except for another *affaire*—this one you write in italics with an "e" at the end—that scandalised all polite, and especially military, society, and rang pretty well through Europe with a note of horror.

It was a story you could only even think of sketchily—a betrayed husband, a base, perjured wife, a dastardly lover, and, following on one dramatic discovery, a sudden ghastly murder.

The husband, the senior officer, had had his sword on him at the time, and had taken a mad and hideous justice into his own hands. Dick Histed's career was blazoned forth for all time by the thrust that terminated it finally.

Two years after I saw Bride O'Neill, still O'Neill, but for ever without the dimples. She was sitting in the old drawing-room at Gloucester Place, still surrounded by the photographs in silver frames, and the Indian table-covers, and the silly idols, as though nothing particular had happened, except some great and lonely change in her Irish eyes, and all of her faded to a shadow of herself, with faith and fretting in long silence.

And then I grasped another change, this time with a deeper shock than perhaps I would have believed possible—she no longer wore that little gold symbol of perfect love. She saw my glance, and, smiling wanly, she raised and held out her arm and the fallen-back laces showed the sharp attenuation of her bare wrist and hand.

"It just went too thin," she said, softly.

The bracelet had *fallen off*.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii. of cover.

LIFE AT A ROWTON HOUSE.

[A Rowton House Lodger gives his experiences of a night at the House, and what he took away with him.]

BY AN EX-LODGER.

I was homeless, hungry, and possessed of exactly a silver shilling.

"You can get a nice hot supper with that, and still have something left," whispered my starved stomach.

"And you can get a bed at Rowton House for sevenpence. Didn't that chap who sat next to you on the Embankment last night tell you so?" argued my shivering frame.

Mentally I tossed up the shilling, and Rowton House won.

I took my place at the tail end of a line of humanity probably as varied in vocation and pedigree as it was in garb. Step by step, shuffle by shuffle, the head of the wriggling worm was lopped off, as the men put down their sevenpences and disappeared with their bed-tickets into the house. At last it was my turn at the office-window.

"Number?" queried the clerk.

I hesitated.

"Here last night?"

"No."

"Name?"

"Smith."

He scribbled with a big blue pencil in a book, tore out a ticket, and pushed it, together with my change, towards me.

"Seven—two—five," he said, and turned to the next man.

I wandered inside, and found a handsome interior. Engravings or prints hung upon the walls of every room. But the place was too much like a big barn to impress one with a sense of comfort.

It was scrupulously clean. So were some of the lodgers; others were as clean as their circumstances permitted—that is, their flesh was clean, if their clothes were not; but I saw many there who could be described by one word only—filthy!

After a "penn'orth o' tea and two slices" at the refreshment bar, I started for bed.

But I had to wait with a crowd at the foot of the stairway; for the gates are kept locked, and are opened at fifteen-minute intervals, subject to the punctuality or otherwise of the uniformed autocrat known to the lodgers as the night porter.

When that individual at length consented to allow us to pass through, after having our tickets stamped "Cancelled," I climbed up the stairs in search of my room.

To find it was not exactly an easy matter, for that particular house contained over a thousand cubicles. But after long wanderings through seemingly endless corridors, I came upon "Seven—two—five."

Like all its fellows, it was only partially enclosed—by which I mean, the walls did not nearly reach the ceilings. It was quite easy to climb over into the next apartment; and this I found was often done, and the result thefts of clothes and money. But recently the authorities have fixed wire netting into the spaces and prevented these robberies.

For furniture, the cubicle contained a small bedstead, with a hard mattress and very coarse bed-clothing, and a chair. There was no floor covering.

Sleep I soon found was impossible until one got accustomed to the terrible din created by the rowdy section of the lodgers.

At eight o'clock in the morning a porter marched through all the corridors with a loudly-clanging bell. This was a signal to get up, for lodgers must be out of their cubicles by nine o'clock. If one wishes to turn out before eight o'clock, and has no watch, one must "tip" a porter for a "call," for there are no clocks on any of the floors. This tells hardly upon the workman who cannot afford to pay sixpence a week for being called in addition to the rent of his cubicle. The management should tell off a man to call lodgers free of charge, and not wink at this extortion. Many a man loses a "quarter" because he has not a penny to pay for being called. Rich men can afford to "tip" hotel servants, but certainly the average Rowton House lodger cannot afford to be fleeced in this manner.

I got up and went down to the wash-houses. These are perhaps the best features of Rowton Houses. There is always a plentiful supply of hot and cold water. Slipper baths are free; whilst a hot or cold bath-ticket, with soap and towel, costs but a penny.

I wish I could describe the scene at the breakfast tables. Representatives of nearly every country under the sun, every calling that one could think of, were there. The clash of the different languages, the jangle of various dialects, created a discord not to be heard in any other place on earth. Begging-letter writers in shabby silk hats, racecourse tricksters in loud checks, genuine workmen in cords and fustians, greasy loafers and filthy beggars, were all jostled together in the strangest assembly to be seen in this or any other country. And the wrong 'uns were greatly in the majority. Hence the stigma often undeservedly attached to a man who has lodged at a Rowton House. The honest lodgers—and there are many—will agree with me that the authorities do not exercise strict enough discretion in accepting a man's lodging money. Known wrong 'uns could, and should, be excluded. But the wrong 'un is generally flush of money, and Rowton Houses, Ltd., must earn dividends.

Next I had my meagre breakfast. And here let me complain of the quality of the food sold in Rowton Houses. This is so notorious that more than half the regular lodgers will not buy their food inside. If the prices were lower than those charged outside, one could not complain; but they are in many cases higher, mostly they are the same, but in no case lower.

Now I am going to shock the reader, and so apologise in advance. I discovered that I had brought "company" from my cubicle. And after experience of Rowton House life convinced me that the lodger obliged frequently to change his bed is sure to get in that condition sooner or later.

One sheet is changed every Saturday morning. The clean one is placed at the top, and that which has been at the top for a week is put at the bottom. This would not matter much if a man occupied the same bed the week through. But a man who books on a Friday is more likely than not to get a bed which has had six different occupants that week. And all in the same sheets, mind you! The risk of becoming verminous is too obvious for any comment.

If the poor landlady who lets her little room to a young man lodger, frequently at much less than Rowton House prices, were to adopt the same careless methods, she would be shunned; but this is a limited company, associated in the public eye with more or less philanthropy. A week's experience as a lodger would soon dispel that impression, and prove that Rowton Houses do not exist primarily for the benefit of the working classes. The disadvantages are great, and the advantages they offer are not incalculable.

"CHRISTIE'S SALEROOMS."

We have received many letters in reference to our article on this subject, but have no room at present for more than one:—

I am a regular reader of JOHN BULL, and, as usual, you seem to be revealing social and national defects, without taking any credit to yourselves for your untiring energy in these directions. I have read with more than interest your reference to "Christie's," but, if I may say so, you err, in your criticism of this highly-respected firm, on the wrong side. We are bound to ask ourselves one question—particularly regarding the recent china sale, known as the Dickins collection. Is it a fact that the sale of these goods was stopped by Christie's or were the gross frauds pointed out to Christie's by the dealers and buyers themselves? Why, if Christie's catalogue a picture as being by such and such a master, and it turns out to be otherwise—after the purchase—should Christie's have their commission on a fictitious and unreal price? If a picture is genuine, and known to be genuine, and Christie's are experts, why should they refuse to give a guarantee?

If I buy a horse with a guarantee and it turns out otherwise, I have a claim, and can recover, but if I give £1,000 for a piece of china at Christie's, and it turns out to be a "fake" and not worth £10, why should I not be able to recover, and why should Christie's put forward a catalogue of an important and valuable collection of china, if most of it turns out to be worthless? I have never been able to appreciate why auctioneers should be allowed—if an article is genuine—to refuse to guarantee it. If they refuse because they do not know for certain, then their expert knowledge is no better than the ordinary person's.

The position is both curious and amusing, and I suppose Christie's themselves will admit that probably tens and hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of goods have been bought at their rooms as being genuine articles, but in reality they have not been so, and if my supposition is correct, that the recent collection of china, &c., you refer to was catalogued by them as a valuable one, then I am bound to think a valuable collection implies a genuine one, and it being otherwise, I understand was not discovered or detected by Christie's even when they had themselves inspected and catalogued the collection. I hope you will continue your valuable criticism on this subject, which is of world-wide importance.

Of course, it would be unreasonable to expect every auctioneer to guarantee the genuineness of every article he sells. That would involve the employment of an army of experts. But the case is different with a firm like Christie's—who are supposed to be experts in the class of goods they sell.

Black Cat MEDIUM Cigarettes

1904 Crop.

"I STAND FOR JUSTICE!"

These Cigarettes have obtained and will retain the confidence of the public, because they meet every point of justice, being full weight, best quality, best make, and fullest value.

10 for 2½d.

They are the best quality Cigarettes of Medium strength that can be produced by anyone at this popular price. Then why pay 3d. for any Medium Cigarettes?

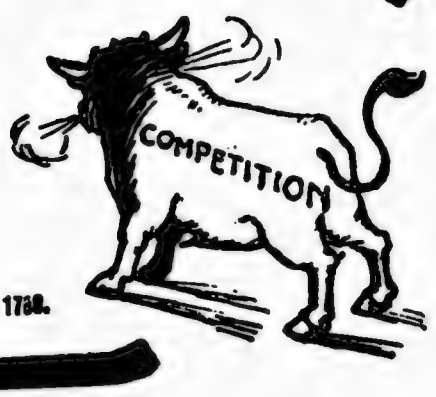
Black Cat Mild Cigarettes
(1904 Crop),
a larger, heavier weight, and better quality Cigarette than any on the market,

10 for 3d.

None better at any price.

Then why pay 3½d. for any Mild Cigarettes?

Of all Tobacconists, or from Carreras, Ltd., 7 Wardour St., London, W. Est. 1788.



HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LIII.

We have verified the facts related in the following letter. Can any of our readers assist the writer in her distress?

My husband was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and is a brewer by profession, and has first-class testimonials, and bears an irreproachable character.

He was put into a firm in London by Royalty, where he was given to understand there was not any chance of promotion, but if he heard of anything better he was to apply for it.

He applied for a berth as working manager and outdoor representative, and to put in a little capital. He was appointed last June, but, unfortunately, is the victim of a cruel fraud, which has left us homeless, penniless, and he without a situation for the past nine months. To prove to you how genuine the case is, it was taken up by the Public Prosecutor, and the swindlers were sentenced at the Old Bailey to eight and five years' penal servitude.

My husband has applied for hundreds of berths; the Brewers' Society have advertised for him; and, as a man of exceptional good character, a grant of £5 was made by the Court of Brewers, May 18th, £3 10s. of which I paid for rent, and had nothing else to live on for four weeks.

If we cannot get a little help, dear Sir, the roadside will be our home, and how to get it I do not know. We have tried and tried without result.

My husband is only 40 years of age, and, being a good hop judge, he is also trying for hop traveller if he can get it. But, alas!

I am so broken-hearted I do not know what to do. Want of food, clothing, and boots, and no earnings coming in, is as sad a case as you could find, and if you thought anything of it, I would be so grateful if you would mention it in your paper.

We have to acknowledge a parcel of clothing from "M. M." (Kensington) for the writer of Human Document No. XLIX., which we have forwarded to the proper quarter.

DO YOU WANT A GUINEA?

IF SO,

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

INVENTORS, BEWARE.

[A few words of advice to "Inventors," and of warning against "Patent Experts."]

By Leslie Guyer.

When an intelligent young man suddenly alights upon an idea for sinking *Dreadnoughts* or making a wheel go round better than it does now, the first thing he realises is that he must patent it. A reliable patent agent would, of course, point out that the first thing to be done would be to find out if it was worth patenting; and, secondly, whether some other intelligent young man had not preceded him in the dim past. But the chances are that the would-be patentee knows nothing of the pitfalls that beset the inventor's path. He does not number a patent agent among his list of acquaintances, and so he usually has recourse to the advertisement columns of a respectable daily paper. This is what he sees:—

> All Inventors requiring Capital should call or write Fleecem and Foolem, Patent Experts, Strand, London, who have many capitalists on their books who will buy good, simple inventions. No result, no charge. Advice free.

He promptly puts himself in communication with Fleecem and Foolem and explains his idea to them. They probably see at a glance that the *Dreadnoughts* are as safe as churches, or that the wheel won't even go round at all. But that is nothing to them. With a severe struggle they stifle their consciences and give it as their combined opinion that "it seems all right," and point out that the thing obviously to be done is to obtain "Provisional Protection." Their charge is so-and-so—usually 30 per cent. above the proper charge. The intelligent young man parts. They promptly offer to lay the invention before certain of their clients, and feel quite sure they can effect a purchase. All smiles, they show him out, assuring him that he will soon hear from them.

He does. In about a fortnight—sometimes less—Fleecem and Foolem write to him to this effect. They have laid his invention before a client, whose firm has factories in France and Belgium, and who appears to be very much taken with it. Before making an actual offer for it, however, he would like the proper patents taken out. They point out that the British Patent Office does not make a search as to originality before the complete patents are applied for, and their client naturally desires to see exactly what claims are allowed. Under these circumstances they think it might be in the interest of the intelligent young man to take out the complete patents. The costs would be so-and-so.

Now if the young man is *really* intelligent that letter will make him think. He will argue that it is almost too good to be true. That it is extremely unlikely that before the invention has been on the market a fortnight, hard-headed business men should be tumbling over each other for it. But, unfortunately, inventors—and especially *young* inventors—are very optimistic beings. They have a perfectly fanatical faith in their inventions, and to them the eagerness of the hard-headed business men to snatch up their great ideas, is quite natural, and only what they expected. All they see, therefore, in Fleecem and Foolem's letter is that everything is going along merrily, and that they will soon be rich. They are made men! And once again they part.

And then begins a game the length of which is only decided by the gullibility of the would-be patentees, and which makes one sigh for the day when swindlers and thieves were whipped at the cart-tail from Aldgate to Tyburn, and back again. The British patents are taken out and paid for; Fleecem and Foolem pocket very fat fees, and the young patentee feels very happy. But a complication soon sets in. Another letter comes from Fleecem and Foolem.

The burden of this epistle is to the effect that their client is only interested in the French and Belgian markets and will only require the patent rights of these countries. They add that they have had a chat with him and suggested that so-and-so would be a fair figure, and he apparently agreed. They therefore think that the French and Belgian patents should certainly be taken up, &c., &c.

Now the man who has not had his suspicions aroused by the first letter is morally certain to be gulled by this one. He regards it merely as a temporary delay in the coming of his fortune, and quite agrees with them that the additional patents should be taken up. If he has the money or can borrow it from his friends he pays it over. If he cannot raise it all he hears no more from Fleecem and Foolem.

At this point the general rule of the game as played by the two F.'s varies according to the capacity of their dupe. They might introduce a client who is anxious to take up the American patents or they might even let the negotiations with the French client fall through, and shortly after produce another one who wanted the German and Austrian patents. But one thing is certain. As long as the dupe has money and is willing to part with it, so long will Fleecem and Foolem produce a client who is anxious to procure the patent rights of those countries in which protection has not yet been obtained. It is scarcely necessary to mention that these clients have no existence outside the fertile imaginations of Fleecem and Foolem.

But there is an end to all things, and sooner or later—very often a good deal later—the dupe has an uneasy feeling that all is not right. Then it is that he starts making enquiries and learns all about the rogueries of Fleecem and Foolem and very probably that his invention is worthless. Sometimes he goes to a solicitor and relates his troubles. It seems very like obtaining money by false pretences. But a British Court of Law very properly wants proof; and knowing that you have been swindled and proving it are two very different things. Fleecem and Foolem might possibly produce a man who would swear that he *is* the elusive client, and then it would have to be proved that he is not. Besides, the law is very expensive, and his pockets are sure to be well-nigh emptied—and so Fleecem and Foolem go merrily on. The hideous Goliath is awaiting slaughter. But, alas! where is David?

Yet it is easy for the would-be inventor to avoid these pitfalls. Let him deal only with a reliable patent agent—Chancery Lane is full of them. The difference between a patent agent and a patent "expert" is this: the patent agent is responsible for his conduct to the Institute of Patent Agents, whose secretary may always be communicated with. The patent "expert" is responsible to nothing except his own sweet conscience. Anyone can be a patent "expert."

The embryonic inventor should avoid as he would the plague all advertisements of the "An Idea May Make Your Fortune" type. They are inserted by patent "experts" of the Fleecem and Foolem type. Of course, there are one or two honest patent "experts," but they are very few and far between, and the chances of alighting upon one of them are of the remotest.

SELFRIDGE'S AND THEIR STAFF.

A TYPICAL LETTER FROM AN EX-EMPLOYEE.

Since the bold event of Selfridge's upon the scene of the London West End trade, we have been inundated with complaints from members and ex-members of the staff—the following being a fair specimen of the kind of communication—grammar and spelling apart—which reaches us almost daily:—

> I write to you on Behalf of myself and others of the Staff of Selfridges Oxford st stating the way that they have treated their staff this past few weeks in discharging them no they have got the business into working order Sir if you have Read this weeks *Answers* what Mr Selfridge say about his 1-500 staff and his opinon of them the way they were engaged he has forgot to tell the British Public that he has got a lot of foreign labour a working for him it was stated on the shop windows before the firm was opened that all British staff was employed he omitted to state about the other Sir i have been one of the workers at the said firm since i have been away they have engaged other to do the same work at a very much Reduced wage which is Scandalouse i think it only Right it should be Published that is what English managers are doing for there flesh and blood which is a disgrace to theirselfs it is time they were Shewn up to the British Public at large hoping you will Publish this in your next issue.

We shall be glad to hear what Selfridge's have to say for themselves.

JOIN THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.
Membership already a quarter of a million.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE CLOSED TUESDAY, THE 27th OF JULY.

MISSOURI TRUST

(For 3 Months, £2 for Every 1,000 Dols.).

The profit in three months is estimated at £45 for every £2 invested, which should mean that one will have returned £45 plus £2, equal to £47.

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we invite you to send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable for the general public.

Nothing else is expected of you than to recommend us to the circle of your acquaintances after the success has been completely proven, that means not before you have received from us £47 on your £2 invested.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE CLOSED TUESDAY, THE 27th OF JULY.

Amount Required £2 **Estimated Profit £45**

GERSON HAMSON & CO., LIMITED, Norfolk House, Laurance Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: ESPONJAS, LONDON.

OUR CAMPAIGN FOR 1909.

INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN MAGNATE.

We dare say we are experts in Yankees (American Railways) and that we know everything about them that can be known. We dare say that we understand the entire Wall Street System better than any one of our competitors, and very often have an occasion to feel that in 3 months we could bring you further than you can get yourself in 3 years.

Nowadays almost everybody has a friend who is a dealer or broker in Stocks and Shares, so we cannot expect that you should give us the preference, unless we actually prove to you that we are often sooner and better informed than other firms. In the end the public will transact their business where the best profits are to be gained and the best conditions to be obtained.

We shall prove to you that our advices are valuable.

A Trust in Missouris: It is our intention to possess in 1909 the largest amount of clients that ever a stockbroker or dealer could boast of, and we will realise this fact through our **Missouri Trust.** We will force you to a certain degree, at least once, to give us an order and to form your own opinion about our method of dealing and the capacities of our correspondent.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Don't be a Bear on America," J. Pierpont Morgan said. "That man who is, goes broke."

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we proclaim this fact: Send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable.

OUR PROPOSITION.

A Trust in Missouris (For every Thousand Dollars you must send £2—and the estimated profit is £45—in 3 months.)

Condition 1st. All Missouri shares are opened at the London closing price of Tuesday, the 27th of July, which quotations are controlled by almost every English paper (Globe, Daily Telegraph, Financial News, Financial Times, &c., &c.). Suppose the closing price in London should be 42¼—42⅜, then is the buying price 42⅜ nett, which means naturally without you paying any further commission or other expenses. If you sell or buy according to tape prices and yet have to pay commission you are paying too much.

A Daily Newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly, is sent you free of charge with every order.

2nd. All transactions will be closed the same date at London closing price, i.e., three months after the Trust opens, i.e., Wednesday, October 27th, 1909, and all profits, without any limit, will be returned with the two pounds of your investment.

3rd. If on Wednesday, October 27th, 1909, there would have been no profit made, the transaction **will be kept open for the next 3 months**, i.e., Thursday, January 27th, 1910, **without any further margin.** We hope it is now quite clear to you that the worst that can happen, is that the closing quotation in London on January 27th, 1910, is 1 per cent. or more under the quotation of July 27th, 1909, and then, and only then, would your loss be £2, and under no circumstances more than two pounds.

4th. Every buyer receives a stamped contract informing the purchaser that if necessary we keep the account open for 6 months, and that the entire responsibility of the buyer is limited to the £2 invested.

OUR CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS:

A boom in Yankees in 1909, and quotations for the different shares never surpassed. Please keep in mind that the same correspondent, after an interview with one of the best-known American financiers, has sent to our clients, on December 11th, 1908, the following telegram: "Advise immediate purchase Chesapeake Common. Do not delay until after Christmas, but follow our advice at once and you will continue to deal with us. Margin returned with profit; inside information in hand." Chesapeake were at that time 58½ and are now 78¼, so those who have followed our advice will not have forgotten this.

We are convinced that through our Missouri Trust we will enlist and retain you as one of our clients.

On Tuesday, July 27th, the Subscription will be closed. If you wish to become a participant in the trust please send by return post the attached application form, with the name and address and the amount of Two Pounds to the following address:—

GERSON HAMSON & CO., Limited, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

We have found our way to open Trusts in all Yankee shares. On the same conditions as above, you can subscribe in the following Trusts:

For every 1,000 dols.		For every 1,000 dols.		For every 1,000 dols.		For every 1,000 dols.	
CHESAPEAKE	£2	ONTARIO	£2	PENNSYLVANIAS	£4	CANADIANS	£4
DENVERS	£2	SOUTHERNS	£2	READINGS	£4	CHICAGO MILWAUKEES	£6
ERIES	£2	STEEL COMMON	£2	SOUTHERN PAC.	£4	ILLINOIS CENTRAL	£6
MISSOURIS	£2	ATCHISONS	£4	UNION PACS.	£4	LOUISVILLES	£6
NORFOLK	£2	BALTIMORE AND OHIO	£4	STEEL PREF.	£4	NEW YORK CENTRAL	£6

The money to be remitted is mentioned behind each share. If you do not subscribe in the Missouri Trust, please change the application form accordingly.

CHAT ON 'CHANGE.

This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free to every one subscribing in one or more of the Trust.

It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account.

Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody.

USE THIS FORM. J.B.

I buy thousand dollars Missouri, Kansas and Texas Common Shares on the London closing price of Tuesday, the 27th day of July, and further on the conditions as mentioned in your advertisement, for which I enclose £2, with the understanding that my entire risk is limited to this amount.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you will invest to a larger amount, please make the form out accordingly. For instance: If you wish to make out the form for 5,000 dols., you must remit £10. You can also REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE.

MORE of these forms can be obtained by application to our offices or by writing.

ROBBING COAL CONSUMERS.

[*A few practical suggestions to readers who are getting in their winter supplies.*]

For a few months at least, the housewife need pay no special regard to the coal supply, as fires in the house, except for culinary purposes, are not required, and, having "spring-cleaned" and set the home in order, she is at liberty to enjoy a period of rest.

The respite will not, however, be of long duration, as the approach of autumn will find her again inundated with price lists from coal owners, merchants, &c., couched in alluring terms, urging her to buy the winter stock of coal immediately at "lowest summer prices" before the advance takes place.

With the desire to purchase at bottom prices, the various lists will be carefully perused and analysed. In regard to the prices, these will be easily grasped, being practically uniform throughout on all the lists, but in respect to the quality this will not only be difficult but somewhat bewildering, as the coals will be specified by each respective firm under a fancy descriptive name.

The quality of the previous winter's supply may have been good or perhaps very bad. If the former, a further supply of similar coal will be ordered, but if the latter a change will of necessity be sought for. This will be a difficult task, and require great care in the selection. The price to be paid having been settled, the firm whose coal has been decided upon will be probably consulted, and on their assurance that the quality will give "entire satisfaction," the order will be placed. On using the coal thus supplied, more often than otherwise the purchaser will find the quality even worse than that previously bought, thereby causing much vexatious annoyance and discomfort to all concerned.

This state of things goes on from year to year, and the public are helpless to remedy the evil under the existing conditions, as the coal owners, merchants, &c., have combined together and completely control the situation.

It is well known that the coal from various collieries is mixed together; *e.g.*, from a delivery of best *selected* kitchen coal some three months back, purchased from a firm of repute, and costing 25s. per ton, the writer picked out four different qualities, which on analysis gave the following results, viz., 47, 52, 56, and 61 per cent. of carbon respectively, or an average of 54 per cent., whereas a good house-coal should contain not less than 70 per cent. As the value of a coal is judged by the percentage of carbon present, the value of this lot was not worth more than 19s. per ton.

If this occurs in ton lots or more, what quality do the poor people get who buy from small dealers?

To effectually stop the continuance of these fraudulent practices, the Government, or some other controlling power, should make it compulsory for all coal to be sold on a standard percentage of carbon only, and not under a fancy name as now in vogue; *i.e.*, coal containing carbon, 70 per cent. and upward, "best quality"; 60 per cent. and upward, "Seconds"; under 60 per cent., "Common."

By the adoption of some such measures, the public, in future, would be effectually safeguarded from this kind of fraud.

In respect to the prices: These are controlled by the coal ring, and in the winter months are as changeable as the barometer. In fact, their daily prayer is said to be:

"Lord, pray give us frost and snow,
That coal in price may upward go,"

well knowing that they themselves are fully covered.

Of course, it is only human nature and legitimate to endeavour to obtain at all times the highest price possible for one's commodities; but, judging by the tremendous drop in prices of late (even before their present contracts expire), the profit during the winter months must be very great, so that the public are entitled, at least, to have value for their money, which at present they very seldom get.

The following quotations taken from a recently-issued price list, which is widely distributed, speak for themselves, and confirm the necessity of an immediate reform in the existing conditions between sellers and buyers, which, I trust, this article will be the means of bringing about:—

"So-called cheap coals are dear to the consumer and profitable only to the seller."

"The better-class coals are far and away the most economical, provided you obtain the quality ordered."

SIR JOSEPH WARD.

A correspondent takes exception to the paragraph that appeared in JOHN BULL of the 10th inst. about Sir Joseph Ward, of New Zealand. We have pleasure in publishing his letter:—

> Sir Joseph Ward has a most charming personality. He has a distinguished appearance with a kindly-looking visage, and anything but "undersized and common-looking," as your correspondent would make you believe. He is a very able and phenomenally rapid speaker, and it would be no exaggeration to call him silver-tongued, for his voice is remarkably sweet, and like a bell.
>
> I have talked to scores of men who have worked under him, and they are unanimous in voting him the most generous and considerate chief they ever knew.
>
> Your correspondent also says "New Zealand is almost bankrupt." Nonsense! The population of the dominion is not much over a million, and yet our public and private wealth totals £376,400,000, as estimated in 1906. The wealth per head of the population is higher than that of any other country in the world. The total State and municipal indebtedness up to date does not exceed £63,000,000. Most of the money borrowed is invested in Government railways, State lands, and other public works which are interest bearing. The railways alone, if sold, would fetch nearly £30,000,000. Where does insolvency come in?

COMMON-SENSE

DEDICATED TO THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE

There are cults whose exegesis wasn't new to King Cambyses,
Sinking slowly with the lumber of the Past;
There are creeds unnumerated, senile, superannuated,
Lapped in long Oblivion's slumber, dying fast.
Yet on gospels late-rejected, follow others, unexpected,
Striving, all, to ring the nation with a fence—
'Twixt Utopias exploded and Millenniums foreboded,
Lies the way of moderation—Common-Sense!

We have seen the Sons of Slaughter filling earth and sky and water
With the dread machines of battle, ever new;
We have heard the blatant bellow of the journalism yellow
On pugnacious tittle-tattle, never true;
We have watched the future redden with the hue of Armageddon,
Till each midnight waits a morning of suspense—
But, in all the smoke and smother, brother calls again to brother,
Just as clear as Gabriel's warning—Common-Sense!

There are faddists energetic and evangelists splenetic
Who would load us all with fetters, made of lead.
There are devotees of pleasure, born to luxury and leisure,
Who have styled themselves our "betters"—(better dead!)
With the Liberal and the Tory, and a Constitution hoary,
And "procedure's" knotted jungle, dark and dense;
And the Tariffs and the Taxes—there's a cry for men with axes
Strong to hew from out the bungle—Common-Sense!

There is Justice for the Classes, and there's Justice for the Masses,
And we want to bridge the bight between the two;
We want to help the toilers 'gainst the sweaters and the spoilers
Who have made their lives a fight that's never through;
But it's no use waiting longer for the foes are getting stronger,
And their enterprise was never so immense—
Just a very little leaven turns Existence into Heaven,
And the stuff's as cheap as ever—Common-Sense!

MARK LANE.

THE BODEGA COMPANY'S MEETING.

In the report of the Bodega Company's Meeting in our last issue, the Chairman's name was inadvertently misspelt Walmsley, instead of Walmisley. The proposal for re-election of directors should have read: "Mr. Polden had pleasure in moving that the Directors, H. W. Walmisley, Esq., J. H. Mortimer Scott, Esq., T. Richards, Esq., and R. H. Bickerton, Esq., be re-elected for the ensuing year."

BANKS AND THEIR CLERKS.

[A London and County Bank Clerk tells an interesting story.]

With reference to our article in last week's issue under the above heading, we have received the following letter :—

As a former member of the staff of the London and County Bank, I should like to say that men who served their country in the South African war were not granted their annual increase of salary; and so all who were patriotic enough to volunteer and were allowed to go were £20 per annum worse off, and risked their life into the bargain. The London and Westminster Bank were more generous, and gave their men the usual increases. The London and County have recently taken what they term a strong line against consumption. All clerks contracting tuberculosis are requested to resign forthwith. I personally was unfortunate enough to contract this disease. I was given three months' leave, which was extended to nine months, and most kind letters were written hoping that I should soon be fit to return to duty. At the end of my leave the disease was pronounced "arrested," and I was passed by the bank doctor. However, when I presented myself at the head office I was told that a strong line was being taken, that the matter would come before the directors, and I should probably be given a gratuity and told to resign. Some time before this a new pension scheme had been brought out debarring all men under 20 years' service from participation. I took exception to this, and was given what was practically an assurance that I should not suffer by consenting; so withdrew my objection. When up at head office I pointed out that under the old rules I was entitled to about £30 per annum pension for 12 years, and in view of the circumstances asked for special treatment. This was at once declined, and I was given £237 and three months' pay and forced to resign. The directors apparently hold that a "cure" only lasts for a short time, with which, from what I saw at the sanatorium, I am inclined to agree. Since my resignation I hear that the bank are less generous to other men, who, unlike myself, agreed at once to the new pension scheme. I hear of a case where a man of 12 years' service and £150 per annum salary was given £100 and six months' pay and forced to write out his resignation at once. This is little more than one year's pay. Banking work is unlike any other, and further employment in that line is debarred by age and the disease. I would like to point out the harshness of dismissing a man with this terrible disease without giving him a chance of recovery. The money would have to be spent on treatment, and the man has then to begin life again. If he had suffered with his eyes he would have been given the necessary leave, and I think where such a special line is taken, special compensation, or better still a pension, should be given.

And this :—

It is not at all out of the way for bank officials with 11 years' and upwards service to be remunerated at the rate of £90-£100 per annum. I could instance no end of cases where £120 is the salary given to clever capable men with 15 years' service, but unless your father before you was an agent of the bank in which you happen to be an official, or you are under the wing of a large shareholder, your prospects of speedy promotion are few and far between. I have had 11 years' service, and was overworked in our London office. I am at present 26 years of age, and am getting £100, with 10 per cent. off for possible losses in cash, my position being that of teller. Can you blame me for chucking it up, and going out to rough it in the farming line in the States?

FRUIT-PICKING IN NORFOLK.

[A man complains of the way he was induced to take up a job, and left to tramp home.]

J. Buckley, late of Victoria Homes, now of the Embankment, has made a complaint to us of the way in which he has been treated in a matter of fruit-picking. According to his statement, he, with 24 other men, was sent down to Mr. A. W. Clark, a farmer, of Harp's Hall, West Walton, near Wisbech, to pick strawberries. He and they were told that they could make 4s. or 5s. a day, and this might have been possible to a good picker, if there were the strawberries to pick; but, as we are informed, there were not. 1½d. was paid for each 6 lb. basket filled. The largest money earned in a day was only 1s., and this came down to 6d. and even less. No actual money was paid, the wages having to be taken out in bread and cheese. Finally Buckley decided to throw up the work, and as train fare back was refused, he tramped it to London. Upon these facts it seems to us that the 25 men engaged have ground for complaint. What says Mr. Clark?

INDISPENSABLE
At Holiday Time.

When every pastime brings its danger for bruises, cuts, grazes, and sprains you should remember to take a supply of Pond's Extract with you wherever you go—keep it handy in the home—brings immediate relief in all cases of accident. Pond's Extract takes out the sting of the pain, and when the skin is broken heals quickly. Invaluable to all athletes. It is also a splendid healing power to have in the home. An accident neglected may lead to very serious results. Keep Pond's Extract at hand to deal with all troubles.

It is useful at every moment of day.

Cuts, burns, scalds, wounds, bruises, sprains, old sores, open wounds, toothache, neuralgia, piles, catarrh, inflammation, muscular rheumatism, sore feet, insect bites, for all these Pond's Extract is invaluable.

Gentlemen will find it delightful to use after shaving. Keeps the skin cool and healthy. Prevents all danger from cuts and grazes.

Of all chemists in bottles at 1/1½, 2/3 and 4/6, or direct from

POND'S EXTRACT Co., Dept. (J. B.), 65, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, in opal jars at 1/- and 2/-, or collapsible tubes at 1/-, creates beauty of complexion and a healthy skin, and is quite invisible immediately after application.

Pond's EXTRACT

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Primate of All England, The Palace, Lambeth.

MOST REV. CANTUAR,—Your speech in the House of Lords opposing the common-sense proposal of Lord Gorell for the extension of divorce jurisdiction to County Courts, reminds me that somebody once described the function of the Church as that of dining with the rich and preaching at the poor. It is indisputable that the rich have every facility for securing permanent release from marriages made unhappy by cruelty and unfaithfulness. Quite otherwise is it with the poor, who are at present not only handicapped by the heavy costs necessary to move the High Court, but are in many instances driven into immorality by the hopelessness of their position, and what they regard as self-protection. "The poorer the people are, the harder the misery of matrimonial misconduct," said the Lord Chancellor. So far as you were concerned as Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, the weighty facts and arguments for the motion fell on deaf ears. You opposed the motion in unequivocal terms. "I should look with profound anxiety and alarm," you said, "on any proposal for extending almost lavishly facilities for divorce to other classes than those who have them now." You cannot touch the facilities of the rich, your Grace, but you wish to keep them beyond the reach of the poor—who will take note for the coming reckoning that the Church is not with them, but against them, in their trouble.

I invite your gracious study of the cartoon on the opposite page. It speaks more eloquently than I can write.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.

DEAR KEIR,—I see you did an "extra turn" at the Empire Palace, Wolverhampton, the other day. Your performance consisted of a wild denunciation of the Czar of Russia, whom you seem to hold personally responsible for the distracted and unhappy condition of the Russian people. You resent his projected visit to these shores, and consider that his presence will disgrace England—for whose honour you appear suddenly to be very concerned. In India you seemed to be at pains to besmirch the honour you now have taken under your protection. In the House of Commons you have so persistently striven to excite a dangerous feeling between the people of India and the British Government that Mr. Speaker recently found it necessary to administer a severe and well-merited rebuke. Now you have broken out in a fresh place. Let me give you a word of warning and advice. You were elected to the House of Commons in the interests of labour—not to embroil your fellow-countrymen with the ruler of a friendly if somewhat backward nation. Whatever may be your merits—and they are great—as spokesman for organised labour, as an amateur Foreign Minister you shine about as brilliantly as a nigger in a coal pit. Stick to pick-and-shovel politics, and leave Imperial affairs to His Majesty the King.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., Highbury, Birmingham.

DEAR JOE,—I do not in any way wish to harass you in your retirement, but as I note that inspiring words over your signature are from time to time sent out to Tariff Reform candidates for Parliamentary honours, it has occurred to me that you may feel interested in a commemorative medal sold by thousands in the streets of Birmingham at the low charge of one penny, during the recent visit of His Majesty the King. Taking the medal in my hand, I find on the one side the arms of the United Kingdom surrounded by the words, "Commemorating the Royal Visit," and on the other, effigies of the King and Queen, surrounded by the words, "Our Beloved King and Queen."

When I first looked upon it, the medal seemed an excellent specimen of that native art for which Birmingham is renowned throughout the world—and I was rejoiced to feel that the manufacture of commemoration medals was not one of those decayed and ruined industries whose obsequies have so often afforded sad occasion for your mournful eloquence. But the devil is ever at elbow, my dear Joe. He it was who suggested that I should carry the penn'orth into a strong light, and examine it with a magnifying glass of high power. This did I, and lo! under the effigies of "Our Beloved King and Queen," I there did see with mine own eyes the minute but now staring words, "Made in Germany."

Whatever the explanation, whether it be Corporation official, Tariff Reform League official, or far-seeing private enterprise, I cannot doubt that it will merit your searching inquiries.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir George Kenrick, Knight, Lord Mayor of Birmingham.

SIR,—I recently congratulated you upon the successful elbowing of Mr. Sayer out of the mayoralty for this, "the King's," year, and upon your now gratified anticipation of a knighthood. Now there is another little bone I have to pick with you.

It must be within your knowledge that some very peculiar comments are being made by the citizens of Birmingham regarding your treatment of Mr. Moore-Bayley, who a short time ago raised £50,000 for "Rowton" houses in your city. Rumour has it that His Majesty, with his kindly interest in all such projects, commanded, through Lord Knollys, that Mr. Moore-Bayley should be presented to him upon the occasion of his recent visit. This honour—perhaps because it would not have been conferred upon the recommendation of yourself, perhaps because Mr. Moore-Bayley does not happen to be of the same shade of political and religious belief as yourself, or for some other reason—does not appear to have been received by you with undiluted joy. It is rumoured that upon the receipt of the intimation of the proposed presentation you remarked that it was most irregular, and that it had better not be made in the Council House, but at the railway station, so that it could be got over at the earliest possible moment. It was ultimately arranged that you should present the Town Clerk and Mr. Moore-Bayley at the station, after you had received that honour yourself at the hands of Mr. Haldane.

Unfortunately, when the time arrived to present Mr. Moore-Bayley, you forgot to do so. Perhaps you overlooked him. But after a hurried reminder you interrupted the Royal inspection of the Guard of Honour with a somewhat feeble, "Will your Majesty permit me to present to you Mr. ——r——r——Rowton?" The King's memory appears to have been better than your own, for he at once understood to whom you were referring, and received Mr. Moore-Bayley in a most cordial manner, showing that he was well acquainted with that gentleman's work in connection with the housing of the poor.

Some keen observers assert that the Queen lost none of the details of this little comedy, and that a discreet smile could be discerned upon her face.

You then preceded His Majesty to the Council House and Mr. Moore-Bayley sought to return home. Neither he nor the magistrates had, it would appear, received invitations to the civic ceremony—indeed, it is said that even the gentleman who gave the site for the University was ignored!

In the great rush you omitted to supply Mr. Moore-Bayley with the necessary pass to get through the police lines, so that he was buffeted about by the crowd, and although by this time you should have been able to collect your thoughts, I believe I am correct in saying that you have not expressed to Mr. Moore-Bayley your regret for the great inconvenience and annoyance which you have caused him.

At last you have your knighthood. Try to be a worthy knight.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—I observe, without surprise, that you have declined to be nominated for a second year. Artful man!

Frederick Verney, M.P., House of Commons.

What *do* you mean by suggesting that we should give up spelling in schools? Don't we?

BULL.

G. R. Sims, Opposite Ducks, Regent's Park.

Gather from your first platform speech there's not much difference between your business and your politics. As to first, you are a hair restorer, and as to second look like being a hair raiser.

BULL.

Will Thorne, M.P., House of Commons.

Congratulations on vindication by House. You are one of the best, in your own rough way. Have never seen you intoxicated, even by the exuberance of your leader's verbosity.

BULL.

CUTTING THE GORDIAN KNOT—AT A PRICE.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking on Lord Gorell's Divorce Reform resolution, said it was better to leave things as they are!

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the CITY EDITOR.

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue must be received not later than Friday.

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance and other Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information which may be of public interest.

VAAL RIVER GOLDFIELDS.

Since our reference to this company we have received so many enquiries that we think it as well to say that it is a huge low grade banket proposition, and is believed to be a continuation of the Western Rand, the formation being similar in every way. When this is clearly demonstrated—as we are assured it will be in a few weeks—the shares should stand at a very different price from that at which they are now quoted. Former crushings of over 70,000 tons of ore gave a yield of 20s. to 21s. per ton, but the working costs were 19s. per ton, so that the margin of profit was too small to materially benefit the shareholders. The recent reduction in working costs has, however, effected a great difference, the expense being now only 14s. to 15s., while the extraction, owing to improved methods, has increased to 28s. per ton, the profit now being about 13s. per ton. The present capacity of the 40-stamp battery is 90,000 tons per annum, and when the mill in due course is increased to 200 stamps, it will have a capacity of 450,000 tons per annum. Over £150,000 has been spent on the mine and machinery, which, according to latest advices, is stated to be in complete working order. The extent of the property is about 2,000 acres, so that it is not surprising to learn that negotiations are in progress for the sale of a portion of the ground to a powerful Johannesburg syndicate.

Bearing all these points in mind, the 5s. shares at their present price of about 2s. 6d. would appear to represent a somewhat attractive speculative investment.

THE MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.

The Report of this Company is unpleasant reading. "The breaches of the agreement between the late Managing Director," it says, "and the Bank, have caused great difficulties, and the directors consider that the shareholders may congratulate themselves on the result of the efforts which have been made during the past eight months." There is no doubt about the difficulties. In the P. and L. account we find, "Bad debts less expected nominal value of debentures to be received and amounts receivable by instalments in respect of the sale of certain securities, £33,423 17s. 5d." Then amongst property and assets we find, "Expected nominal value of debentures to be received, £20,000." What sort of an asset is that? The figures submitted show that the balance to the debit of the P. and L. account for the period under review amounts to £2,796 12s. 3d. According to our reading of the position this is a mere fraction of the loss.

WALDORF HOTEL.

Some few weeks have elapsed since we last touched upon the position of this company. We had hoped that the directors would have taken our remarks to heart and have done something to put the company on a proper basis, from a Stock Exchange point of view, by obtaining a Settlement, and, if possible, a quotation of the shares. At the present time both the preferred and ordinary shares are practically unmarketable—owing mainly to the policy of the directors in neglecting to obtain any official cognizance of the stock. We have already described this neglect as "a public scandal." The hotel has shown a profit of over £30,000 on its first year's working, and on July 31st will have completed another six months' trading, which we understand will show a great advance in the profits. Our duty is to protect the general shareholders, and unless the directors and those behind them adopt methods of ordinary financial decency we shall have to speak very plainly to both them and to others who can control them.

KING'S TREASURY GOLD MINES.

Some strange facts have been placed before us in connection with this company. Originally, we believe, a West Australian concern, it now comes forward as the owners of "a valuable concession in the Wassau district of the Gold Coast Colony, situated about 45 miles from Axim." But, if again our memory serves us, its property was lately situated in the Apollonia district, about five miles to the north of the village of Eguafu. Perhaps the directors will explain.

LAW GUARANTEE, TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.

We are pleased to see that the movement for a thorough investigation into the position of this society is now well on foot, and we note that the City Editor of the *Daily Mail* is also taking the matter up.

"MINES OF THE TRANSVAAL."

We have to acknowledge receipt of a copy of the new edition of this invaluable reference book. An important feature of the new edition is the revision of the "life" given to each mine. Modifications of procedure, enlargements of plant, use of tube mills have in recent years—since the war—quite upset former estimates as to how long the assumed contents of Rand areas would last if continuously worked. In the present edition, existing conditions are taken into account in estimating "life" with the necessary result that these estimates differ widely from those found in the earlier editions. "Mines of the Transvaal" is published at the office of the *Statist*, 51, Cannon Street, E.C.

We learn that the London National Cash Register Users' Protection Association, of 137, Saltram Crescent, West Kilburn, N.W., has been formed for the purpose of assisting users of the National Cash Register who have grievances against the company.

With reference to a paragraph that appeared in our issue of the 10th inst., to the effect that one, Frank Boon is now trading as Frank Edwards and Co., Messrs. Frank Edwards and Co., of the Southall and District Auction and Estate Offices, South Road, Southall, ask us to say that this intimation does not in any way refer to them. We have pleasure in making this statement.

Have any of our readers knowledge of Lady Edwards' Loan Trust, Ltd., of 13a, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE BUILDING SOCIETY.—BAYARDO (Battersea Park).—Yes, we think it a "safe concern" in which to take out a number of subscription shares.

ROBERTSBRIDGE, SELHURST AND HURST GREEN GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—PAL (Enfield Wash).—We have no information. Why not apply to the secretary?

TWO MINING SHARES.—COO-EE (North Shian).—We should cut the loss.

THE WHITE CITY.—J. T. (Holborn Circus).—We note that you had your diploma some weeks ago.

EASTMAN'S COMPANY.—SURE INVESTMENT (Leighton Buzzard).—As a speculative purchase they have their attractions.

PURE MILK ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.—W. K. (Bedford Square).—The alternative is not open to you. If you hold the shares, you must pay the calls. R. W. H. (Hammersmith).—The objects of the Association are excellent, but we should prefer another investment.

WHIM WELL GOLD MINING COMPANY.—A. T. W. (Victoria Docks).—If you can sell, we advise you to do so.

THE ENGLISH DIVISION AGENCY.—S. B. S. (Southampton).—Have nothing to do with it.

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND COMPANY.—F. J. B. (Greytown, Natal).—They have been in this business of bond selling in Paris for many years. They deliver genuine bonds, but charge more than the market price for them.

THE CEDAR HURST GOLD AND MINERAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.—ROSCINANTE (Algoria).—We do not recommend you to buy any.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—J. B. (Wolverhampton).—You can do so quite safely. It is a very respectable concern.

PALMERICO AND MEXICAN GOLD FIELDS, LIMITED.—SUBSCRIBER (Hong Kong).—No, we do not think they are worth the price you name.

GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY.—C. R. (Islington).—The chairman (Governor) is Mr. C. Woodall.

THE CENTURY EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION.—A. W. (Pimlico).—We do not advise you to pay the 10s. 6d.

STATUS OF BANK.—STUMP (Pen).—We are not quite satisfied that the position is sufficiently sound to enable us to answer your question in the affirmative.

SOUND BUILDING SOCIETY.—H. H. (Paddington).—Both of the societies are sound, but the difficulty is that, if you want the money any time, it would not be easy to get it immediately.

STOCK EXCHANGE AGENCY, LIMITED.—F. T. J. (Cardiff).—The answer is in the negative.

SCOTTISH CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—SCOTT (Croydon).—(1) It is quite sound. (2) The same answer applies to the National Penny Bank.

GENERAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—JOHN BULL SHAREHOLDER (Nottingham).—No.

STEELITE SYNDICATE.—POL (Marylebone).—We have no information respecting the syndicate.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—C. J. J. (Stepney).—No, we do not recommend you to buy any tickets.

HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK SHARES.—J. G. (Cheltenham).—They represent a very sound investment, but you will not forget the heavy liability upon uncalled capital.

AMERICAN CANADIAN OIL COMPANY.—W. T. A. (Prescott).—In our opinion this is not the right kind of purchase for you as a working man, to whom the loss of the money risked might be a serious matter.

RHAAWELLA PRODUCE COMPANY.—C. T. (Carmarthen).—We should advise you to sell if you have the opportunity, but we advise you not to send your shares to the person you name, unless you can arrange for the cash to be handed you concurrently with the delivery of the scrip.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—INVESTMENT (London).—We should not recommend the institution you name. You had much better put your money into the Government Savings Bank or the Birkbeck Bank. J. B. (Blackpool).—We do not think premium bonds suitable for your purpose, and we should advise you to keep your money in Government Savings Bank rather than put it with the bank you name.

THE RUBBER EXPLORATION CO., LTD.

(Established 1898.)

CAPITAL - - - £200,000

Divided into 200,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 98,758 have been issued, and are fully paid.

And which have been specially settled on the London Stock Exchange.

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C. A. VANSITTART CONYBEARE (Chairman).
CAPT. ASHBURNHAM FLOYD.
W. N. MORRISON (Managing Director).

BANKERS:

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND.

BROKER:

PERCY BROWNING, 3, Copthall Chambers, London, E.C. and Stock Exchange.
(Formerly of the Firm of Browning, Todd & Co.)

SECRETARY:

W. E. PEARSE, (Chartered Accountant).

OFFICES:

52, NEW BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Telephone: 7800 London Wall. **Telegraphic Address: "Socratism, London."**

THE RUBBER EXPLORATION COMPANY, LIMITED, undertakes the purchase and sale of Rubber properties, the formation of Companies, and the provision of capital to work same.

The Company buys and sells, through its official brokers on the London Stock Exchange, hares in all existing Rubber Companies.

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All buying and selling of stocks and shares of any description is carried out by the Company on the London Stock Exchange through its official brokers.

The Company generally undertakes financial business of any description, and affords facilities to its shareholders, especially as regards loans on Rubber and other securities.

LONDON, 1909.

ELMORE FOREIGN AND COLONIAL PATENT DEPOSIT COMPANY.—ABINGDON (Kensington).—We agree with all you say. The shares are of no value.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—J. F. (Gillingham).—It is impossible to say. It is not, of course, a bank in the ordinary sense of the term.

A BANK CHARGE.—AN OLD AND CONSTANT READER (London).—There is nothing illegal in it, and, though we consider that in the circumstances the bank might well have foregone the charge, we do not think you can resist it.

LEVER BROS.—B. L. Q. (Battersea).—You had better consult a solicitor.

NEW ZEALAND STOCK.—COMMERCIAL (Birmingham).—There would be no difficulty in realising the stock at any time.

BANK SHARES.—RAMBLER (Ilkeston).—We should prefer another selection.

ATLAS BANKING CORPORATION.—D. C. (Fort William).—We cannot advise the purchase.

MASHONALAND CONSOLIDATED.—STRECHFORD (Strechford).—Yes, the company is still in existence. The accounts to December 31st, 1907, submitted June 9th, 1908, showed profit and loss debit balance increased to £24,493; cash, £941; shares at or under cost, £5,935; debtors, £1,406; creditors, £1,327.

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB COMPANY.—H W H (Deptford).—The object is excellent, and we should think the prospects of the company fairly good.

EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.—O. B.—We are obliged to you for the information you send us.

LIST OF INVESTMENTS.—B. R. J. (St. John's Wood).—The shares you mention in the list are generally sound.

VARIOUS SHARES.—ALBERT (Birmingham).—We have no information respecting No. 2. No. 3 is not doing well. No. 5 we should get rid of.

FOREIGN STOCKS.—S. J. (Dover).—All the stocks you name represent sound securities.

BONUS STAMP COMPANY.—BITTER (Sheffield).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF EASTERN AKIM.—E. T. (London).—The company was registered in 1898. In 1906 a scheme of reconstruction was adopted, but subsequently fell through. In June, 1908, it was resolved to wind up voluntarily, the liquidator being C. S. Good, 210, Capell House, New Broad Street, E.C.

LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK.—E. A. P. (Birmingham).—We have never heard of it.

RHODESIA, LIMITED.—CONSTANT READER (Newhaven).—We think not.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—IGNORAMUS.—You have omitted to send us your name and address. When you do so, we shall be happy to answer your inquiry. CONSTANT READER (Birmingham).—Of the list you send us, we should prefer the Amalgamated Press, but there are other shares more inviting than any you name. G. C. M. (Barum).—We do not think your selections by any means the best that might be made.

SALE OF SHARES.—J. R. (Nottingham).—(1) If you sell shares you are unable to deliver, which is the position if the company exercise their right to refuse to register the transfers, you must, of course, return any moneys paid on account of those shares. (2) We do not say there is any ground for questioning the solvency of the Law Guarantee Trust and Accident Company, but it is quite possible that an additional call will have to be made before things are righted.

SALE OF STOCK.—DUBIOUS (Clifton).—The discrepancy seems wide, but there is often a considerable difference between the buying and the selling price, especially in a limited market.

VAAL RIVER GOLD FIELDS, LIMITED.—A. E. (Liverpool).—There is a cyanide and slimes plant, as well as a new 40-stamp mill.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—H. S. (Leicester).—You have misunderstood what we said in our issue of July 10th. We said nothing to qualify our earlier statement, that, so far as we can ascertain—and we have done our best to get at the truth—the Exchange plays fair, that is, pays when it loses. Nor did we say that it falls back upon the Gaming Act simply to escape obligations. What we said was that the explanation given to us by the Exchange in justification of its threatening to plead the Act upon a particular occasion was that it only resorts to this plea when it believes the claim to be frivolous, or unscrupulous and the complainant a person without means to pay law costs if he loses

THE BRITISH EMPIRE TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED.—G. O. (Welshpool).—We think not.

PLYMOUTH BREWERIES, LIMITED.—R. C. L. (Plymouth).—We regret that the correspondence you send us relates to a dispute upon which we are not in a position to express an opinion. The correspondence has been returned under cover.

"PROFIT AND PLEASURE."—R. H. S. (Brussels).—You are quite right to advise your friend not to send the 3s. 6d. A. W. K. (Canonbury).—You will have seen that we dealt with this matter in our last week's issue. MOSELEY (Moseley).—Ditto.

PURCHASE OF PATENTS.—J. O. F. (Wimbledon Park).—We will look into the matter.

SMALL SYNDICATE.—W. J. D. (Dalston).—We regret we can be of no service to you in the matter.

STATUS OF FIRMS.—W. F. D. (London).—Better have nothing to do with any of them.

HANDLING OF PATENT.—R. B. (Settle).—We regret we can be of no service to you.

NINETEENTH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. T. (Putney).—Yes, a very sound society. We know nothing about the Land Development Society you mention.

BANTJES REEF.—The address is 286, Salisbury House, E.C.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—O. I. (Croydon).—Do not send any money to the people you name. J. M. D.—We think they are as good as any. J. M. (Bolton).—Better not. W. S. (New Amsworth).—We advise you not to risk more money with these people. W. C. (Greenwich).—So far as we know, this firm play straight. As to the inquiries you put to us respecting their various "systems," we think you ought to communicate direct with them. A. B. (Birmingham).—They are not worth the postage. The fire is the place for them. H. A. L. (Brighton).—Have nothing to do with them. J. J. (Penoced).—Ditto. PROGRESSIVE (Nottingham).—Ditto

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY.—J. Y. N. (Newport).—Several actions are pending, and we shall give the result in this column when judgment has been delivered. We suggest that you do nothing until one of these test actions has been settled. H. C. (Kilmarnock).—Ditto. J. W. R. (Dalston Road).—Ditto. A. P. (Llanelly).—No test case has yet been decided. J. W. K. (Barrow-in-Furness).—We think you had better await the result of one of the test actions shortly to be tried. C (Dunoon).—See previous answer. R. C. M. (Abertillery).—Ditto. W. J. C. (Belfast).—Mr. Palmer's letter to you seems to answer your question to us. There are several test actions pending, and we advise you to wait until one of them has been settled. We return your papers. S. C. (Penzance).—Ditto. INSTALMENT (Cardiff).—Ditto. E. H. (Durham).—We are obliged by the letter from the company which you enclose for our inspection, and which we return under cover. Our advice to you is not to pay until one of the test actions has been decided.

URBAN PERMANENT BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETY.—H. C (London).—We know nothing about it. A. C. (Southgate).—We have no information

INDUSTRIAL SHARES.—A. B. (New Cross).—The preference shares of the Dominion Coal Company, at their present price, and on the basis of last yield, would give you nearly 7 per cent. Those of the Chelsea Electricity Supply Company over 6 per cent. Those of the United Alkali nearly 6¾ per cent. The debentures of James Nelson and Sons would give you 5¾ per cent., and they are well secured. Those of the Indiarubber Guttapercha Company over 4 per cent. Those of the Great Western and Brazilian Railway over 4½ per cent.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—READER (Llanelly).—You seem to have had bad luck, but that is not the fault of the association. IMPROVIDENT (Manchester).—We have gone into your complaint against the association and have had the opportunity of reading the correspondence that has passed between it and you. Having done so, we are of the opinion that you have no cause whatever of complaint; on the contrary, the Association has treated you with great consideration.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.—A. B. (Stoke Newington).—(1) Of the three societies you name, we should prefer the Temperance Permanent Building Society. (2) There would be no difficulty in getting from 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. per £100 with good security. For instance, the Chelsea Electricity Supply Company 6 per Cent. Preference shares would give you 6 per cent., the Ordinary shares of the Eastern Telegraph Company would give you 5½ per cent., W. F. Henley's Telegraph Works would give you over 6 per cent., the Bradford Dyers' Association would give you over 5 per cent., and the Maypole Dairy Company nearly 7 per cent., while Mather and Platt would give you nearer 9 per cent.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION.—C. H. (Plymouth).—We are not able to recommend it.

SPALDING FREE PRESS COMPANY.—E. L. D. (Spalding).—You can find the names of the directors of companies in the ordinary reference books, say, Skinner's "Stock Exchange Manual," but, where changes have been made after the publication of the reference book, the only way to ascertain such changes is by applying to the company direct.

THE RETAILERS' ASSOCIATION.—H. C. R. (Leyton).—You seem to have ground for complaint, but we do not know what you can do if you are not prepared to take the matter into Court, and the Association refuses to remit you.

MR. J. MARSH, of Forest Gate, is requested to send us his address.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

PROGRESSIVE POLICYHOLDERS.—W. T. (Belfast).—You will have seen an answer to your inquiry in our last issue.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—S. H. (Grangemouth).—We do not know what you can do except put the matter in the hands of your solicitor. J. C. (Kirkcaldy).—So far as we know, yes.

CLAIM UPON POLICY.—D. P. (Saithwait).—We think it very doubtful whether the Refuge would recognise any liability, but why not ask them?

EMPIRE GUARANTEE AND INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—DAZIEL (Kirkcaldy).—We know of no good reason why you should not do so.

SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—H. B. (Grimsby).—This society is a purely mutual office, the whole profits being divisible among the participating policyholders. The minimum premium system introduced by them in 1851 was framed with a view of providing for a given premium the largest amount of assurance from the outset, while at the same time the policyholder retains some interest in the profits of the society. The society has recently issued a special prospectus containing revised and reduced rates in order to meet those cases where it is desirable that a different fixed benefit shall be secured without any uncertainty attaching as to the exact amount that will become payable in the event of death.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY (Huddersfield).—We have a rooted dislike to men who foul their own nest. You charge the managers of this great society with all sorts of corruption, and yet you are in their employment, and, according to your own statement, have recently been promoted. It is open to you to denounce this or any society if you choose to do so, and are in a position to substantiate your allegations, but then you should preface your denunciation by retiring from the service. To our mind, it is contemptible to try and stab your employers in the back.

ACTION AGAINST COMPANY.—D. H. R. (Prestatyn).—No, you have no cause of action against the company. It would be impossible for companies doing Fidelity business to carry on such business if they are liable to be sued by those whom they have refused to guarantee.

GENERAL ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. B. (Beckenham).—The Life and Health Association has ceased to exist, its business having been transferred to the General Accident Assurance Company, a company in the front rank, and you should be a gainer by passing to a company of this status, seeing that the Life and Health gained an evil reputation by the frequency of its disputes as to claims.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Rochdale).—The company is now under sound management.

LAW GUARANTEE, TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—We thank you for the information you send us *re* the Royal Hotels Combine.

LONDON AND NORTH-EASTERN INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—HORATIO (Beverley).—We should continue to pay the subscriptions.

THE FIRST DUTCH INSURANCE COMPANY.—M D. (London).—We do not see why you should go to Holland to take out an insurance.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—J. D. (Rhymney).—We do not think relatives would have any right to put the pressure on the Registrar you suggest.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—J. L. (Manchester).—The address of the head office of the Northern Assurance Company is 1, Union Terrace, Aberdeen, and of the Yorkshire Insurance Company, 81, Helens Square, York.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—EQUIBY (Nottingham).—The company is not making the progress that other companies are making, but we do not think you need have any anxiety as to its solvency.

THREE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—T. L. S. (Beverley).—All three are of high standing, but probably for your purpose the United Kingdom Temperance is the best.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—DOUBTFUL.—It is an office of high standing, and its high rate of bonus is being well maintained.

PURCHASE OF ANNUITY.—J M. (Bolton).—The London and Provincial Insurance Company grants annuities payable monthly. We do not know of any other company which does so.

SUN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—NON-INSURER (Leyton).—You say that you have, in your opinion, cause of grievance against this company, though you admit that they have not exceeded their rights. You say that in February, 1902, you insured for £500 endowment, and that you paid £18 per annum for two years, when, owing to inability to pay, your payments lapsed. The other day it occurred to you to ask whether the company would do anything in the matter. To insure you against death only during those two years for £500, they quoted 18s. 10d. per £100, or £4 14s. 2d. per annum, or £9 8s 4d. for the total risk of the two years. They have received £36, and so £26 11s. 8d. over and above their risk. Suppose that it cost them the odd £6 11s. 8d. to get out the policy, office expenses, and so on, they still had £20, plus interest, from you, for which they are not prepared to make a penny return. You say that you offered to accept a small fully-paid-up policy at death, or any other form of acknowledgment from them, but only received a stereotyped reply that the policy has no surrender value. In these circumstances you contend that, having regard to the very frequent inability of insurers to keep up their premiums, it is no good to insure at all, except annually for death at the small rate offered. There is no doubt that the case you put forward points to a substantial grievance. Perhaps some of our insurance friends will have a word to say about it. J. W. (London).—No, we do not think you can take out a policy for £200 with this or, for that matter, with any other company, and immediately raise a loan upon it of like amount. It is a very absurd question to ask us.

BRITISH ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (Islington).—They would, we are sure, treat you well.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—CAVE (Wandsworth).—We should not. CAUTIOUS.—Yes, quite.

NELSON'S PENSION TEA COMPANY.—M. J. (Bath).—There is an old saying, "*ex nihilo nihil fit*," which, being interpreted, means that you cannot get something out of nothing. There are no assets to make the carrying out of the arrangement you describe possible. B. T. (West Kensington).—We regret we can be of no assistance to you in the matter.

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

SPECIALLY MIS-REPORTED FOR "JOHN BULL."

BY RICHARD MORTON.

(Mr. Morton Satirises our Police Court Proceedings.)

"VOTES FOR WOMEN."—A FIELD DAY WITH THE SUFFRAGETTES.

At Benbow Street, yesterday, Sir Rupert De Glutzem heard several cases against certain members of the Perfect Ladies' Sociable and Political Union, who were charged with breaking numerous laws and various windows, obstruction, assaulting the police, unlawful assembly, and other little things like that.

The defendants went into the dock two by two, like the chosen animals on a previous historic occasion. The first pair were Mrs. Desperate and Lady Conscience Smitten.

Mr. Smallbore, prosecuting on behalf of the police, said the ladies, who were found in the centre of a crowd in Whitehall, were throwing paving stones and heaving bricks about to the common danger. Inspector Swells said that a kerbstone hit him such a kick in the back of the neck that he had not felt the same man since.

Lord Tenterden Steeple, who defended, pointed out that the ladies brought the paving stones with them, wrapped in cotton wool, so as to prevent friction. This showed their wish was to guard against any disturbance.

Mrs. Desperate: I beg your pardon. We did wish to make a row. It is part of woman's inalienable right.

Lord Tenterden Steeple: If I am to defend you, you must not interrupt.

Lady Conscience Smitten: Hoity-toity! Remember we are ladies. We must interrupt.

The Inspector proved that a window in the Home Office was smashed into a million pieces. He had counted them.

The Magistrate: Will you be bound over to keep the pieces?

Both Defendants: Keeping the peace is the last thing we should think of doing.

The Magistrate: Very well. Forty shillings or one month in the second division.

Mrs. Desperate: May I travel first class?

A negative answer being returned, Lady Conscience Smitten said she was only too pleased to join her friends.

The next couple placed in the dock were Priscilla Pert and Millicent Mustard. According to the prosecution, it appeared that these ladies had secured situations in the household of the Premier, Mr. Balsquith, the one as parlour-maid, the other as tweeny maid.

Mr. Balsquith, who arrived at the court in an aeroplane disguised as one of the propellers, and was smuggled in through the skylight, deposed that as he was taking his bath that morning the defendants broke into the room and demanded Votes for Women.

The Magistrate: Is this true? Did you pursue this poor gentleman into his bath?

Miss Pert: We did, and we glory in the act. But we deny that we demanded Votes for Women. We simply insisted he should receive a deputation of our suffering sisters.

The Magistrate: Where? In the bathroom?

Miss Mustard: Ay, there or elsewhere. Place and time signify nought to us, for we are above the man-made laws. We even refuse to be tried by you.

The Magistrate: Much as I regret to disappoint you, I am reluctantly compelled to proceed.

Miss Mustard: Then we elect to be tried by a jury of matrons.

After consulting the Chief Clerk, Sir Rupert De Glutzem ruled that the process indicated did not apply in the case under consideration. The same penalty as before was imposed.

Several other defendants were dealt with in similar fashion, but a marked difference was made in the procedure when the usual charges were once more cited against the next pair, whose names were given as Mrs. Swankfirst and Miss Excitable Swankfirst.

The Inspector in charge of the case pointed out that the ladies were aliens, having arrived in England from Manchester. They had never been naturalised.

In the result, the Magistrate said that simplified matters exceedingly. The defendants would have to undergo the customary month, in default of sureties, and, at the expiry of their term, he should order their deportation.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE FINANCE BILL AND APPEALS.

We welcome the statement of that eminent solicitor, Mr. Edwin Freshwater, with regard to appeals under the Finance Bill. As he points out, there are two separate bodies administering the income tax in this country—first the Inland Revenue Commissioners who manage and control the tax, sitting at Somerset House as a revenue-earning body with a subsidiary body termed "Special Commissioners," consisting of the Chairman and other Commissioners of Inland Revenue, with the addition of Commissioners named by the Treasury, sitting in the precincts. But there is also an independent body of Commissioners, the "General Commissioners" of taxes for each of many districts, appointed throughout the country, quite unconnected with the Crown, in no sense subservient to the Inland Revenue Commissioners, and consisting of men of position in each district, who hold the scales fairly between the Inland Revenue Commissioners and the taxpayer, and on appeals hear the Surveyor of Taxes for the Inland Revenue Commissioners on the one hand and the taxpayer on the other, and decide impartially between them. This second body was expressly formed by Sir Robert Peel on introducing the Income Tax Law as essential for the protection of taxpayers, but it is now proposed, with reference to all the taxes to be imposed by the Finance Bill, to take away the right of appeal to the Independent Body of General Commissioners and limit it to the Special Commissioners.

In defending this proposed change, Mr. Asquith argued that the present system is "inquisitorial," because a man who is suspected of understating his income "is brought up before the General Commissioners—probably his own neighbours," whereas under the new proposals "the investigation is to be conducted by a special body of Commissioners without any chance of there being any revaluation at all." That is all moonshine, but it has been a favourite argument with Chancellors of the Exchequer for many a year past, and in 1883, Mr. Childers, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, put the Government in a minority of six over a proposal to remove the collection of duties under schedules "D" and "E" from the hands of the local collectors, and appoint in their stead Inland Revenue Officers. The present Finance Bill not only proposes to create a special Star Chamber for dealing with payers of super-tax; it proposes to give the Inland Revenue Board the power to decide as to the fairness, and even legality of its own action, and to appoint its own surveyors from whom no appeal can be claimed. Mr. Lloyd George, impressed by the determined opposition, has undertaken to modify these clauses of the Finance Bill.

THE ARROGANCE OF LAWYERS.

A correspondent sends us a bitter complaint of what he considers improper treatment on the part of counsel representing him in a case in the High Court. Our correspondent had, as he believes, an overwhelming case in support of his action as defendant in a case in which a large sum of money was involved. He holds that the action ought never to have been brought, and that it was in essence a blackmailing action. There is a class of litigant who is fond of talking about blackmail, and of charging their professional advisers with misconduct, but in this case we have seen the papers and are satisfied that our correspondent is in the right. That, however, is a side issue. The case came into Court, there was no evidence offered by the plaintiff, but the judge—in one of those eccentric moments which seem to come to so many of our judges—intimated to our correspondent's counsel that he thought the costs of the other side should be paid up to a fixed amount. Our correspondent disagreed. His counsel told him that in his (the counsel's) opinion he ought to assent. Our correspondent said that he would do nothing of the kind, come what might, whereupon his counsel told him that he had nothing to say in the matter, that it was for the counsel, and not for the client, to have the last word as to the terms of settlement. In this case the counsel was one of the most rising of the young men at the Bar, but his contention is that of all counsel. They claim that it is for them to decide whether terms are to be accepted or not, whether their client wishes for compromise, or prefers to fight it out. It seems to us to be a claim that is at once arrogant and absurd. Probably in nine cases out of ten the client will rely upon his counsel's experience, and acquiesce in any suggested compromise he may support, but where, as in the present case, the client is a man perfectly well able to form an opinion for himself, desirous of fighting the thing through, and opposed, for reasons which he considers conclusive, to coming to any sort of terms with the other side, it seems to us that it should not be open to counsel to over-ride his client's wishes.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

We have received the following letter from a Bristol firm:

In a recent issue you had an article dealing with this matter, and you commented on it as nonsense.

I am in business, doing a cash trade, and yet, as every man knows debts are incurred which it is extremely difficult, in fact almost impossible, to avoid. Let me give one instance typical of many.

A man had been buying boots for about a year. Had bought several pairs of good quality and paid for them. He orders some goods to be sent to his address, some are selected and others are returned, with old boots to be repaired, asking for a bill for the whole when repairs are finished and promising a cheque on receipt.

Neither the cheque nor cash are forthcoming, the debtor is sued, and judgment obtained. No payment is made. The furniture is his wife's. The husband is at work earning good wages as traveller, and the only way to obtain, the money is by committal order.

I could give you many instances, each different in its details, but of which this is typical.

Besides, out of the commitments I have obtained the defendant has always paid at the last moment, proving that prison, and only prison, would make him do so.

It is very difficult indeed to obtain commitments; the plaintiff has to prove means before the judge will make an order.

The courts already make it far too easy for those who never intend to pay for the goods they buy, and if this last resource is taken away they will indeed dwell in paradise and be able to tell their creditors (as a single man earning 28s. per week told me when asked to pay a debt of 12s.) to go to the devil.

Of course there are two sides to this question, and if the power to commit was always exercised with the sense of responsibility shown by some, perhaps many, County Court judges, the objection to the law remaining as it is would be removed. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The business of many of the County Courts is done in a very slipshod manner, and we could name several County Court judges who make no real effort to satisfy themselves as to means before granting committal orders.

WINDING-UP DEPARTMENT.

We understand that as the result of the Rex *v.* Bottomley fiasco, the legal branch of the Companies' Winding-up Department is undergoing radical re-organisation, and that in future less animus and suspicion are to be introduced into the conduct of official liquidations.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Roller Skating Promotion.—L. H. (Dunoon).—You seem to have made your conditions after instead of before signing the guarantee. It seems to us that you are bound by it.

Claim Upon Estate.—Ignorance (Bristol).—You can of course communicate with the Board of Trade, but we do not think you would be a gainer thereby. You say the Company, when it went into liquidation, owed you £105 for salary, but you are only a preference creditor to the extent of £30, and this sum the Receiver has paid you. For the balance of £75 you rank as an ordinary creditor, and if there is not enough to pay the debenture-holders you can get nothing more.

Deed of Gift.—Mother (London).—It is a matter for your solicitor. We cannot undertake to give you a legal form.

Claim upon Estate.—T. H. B. (Portsmouth).—You have, of course, a claim upon the estate for the amount of the debt, and you should communicate with the executors.

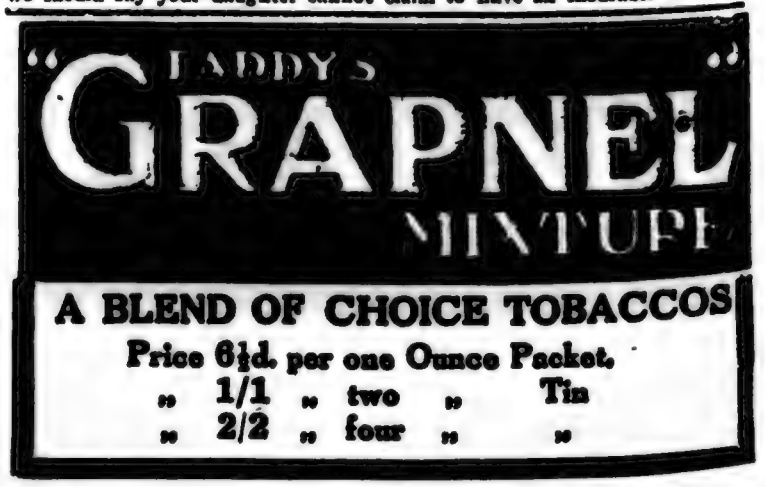
Payment of Claim.—A. R. T. (Glasgow).—If the society has not the funds to pay all claims as they become due and can only pay as funds come in, we do not see that you can do other than wait.

Sale of Furniture.—T. B. J. (South Norwood).—We have gone through your papers, and sympathise with you in your trouble, but we can be of no assistance to you. You borrowed £35 on the security of a bill of sale, you failed to keep up the payments, and the Provincial Union Bank, who were your creditors, sold the furniture, leaving you in their debt £5 10s. 10d. It all seems to have been done quite legally. We return your papers.

Length of Notice.—Teacher in Distress.—We think you are entitled to a term's notice.

Interpretation of Will.—W. S. (Cambridge).—The clause you send seems quite plain, except that you do not provide for the event of both your daughters dying without issue.

Insurable Interest.—M. A. J. (Birmingham).—There is no arbitrary rule. Circumstances vary, but on your statement, as you send it to us, we should say your daughter cannot claim to have an insurable interest.



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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"LES DEUX GOSSES."

Dear me, how one lives and learns! It is not so very, very many years ago even now that all Paris was rushing to the dear, dirty old Ambigu Theatre—the home of melodrama on the Grands Boulevards of the ever sleepless city—to be thrilled by handsome Pierre Decourcelle's exciting play, "Les Deux Gosses."

In due course the play was acquired and done into English by George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley. It was produced at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, under the title of "The Two Little Vagabonds," with Sydney Fairbrother and Kate Tyndall as "Les Deux Gosses."

This week I read, to my amazement, in nearly every leading newspaper, that Messrs. Smith and Carpenter, of the Lyceum Theatre, are about to revive "The Two Little Vagabonds," the successful drama *written* by Messrs. Arthur Shirley and George R. Sims. No mention of the original author of the play is even hinted at. I wonder if he will receive recognition on the theatre programmes?

And this brings me to the subject of "The Grotesques"—a troupe which has recently been performing at the small Queen's Hall in Langham Place.

Every true-born Englishman loves his game of cricket, and no one "boos" more lustily than a British subject when a fellow doesn't play quite straight. But I put it to you, as "referee," is it absolutely the game to go to a theatre, to take stock of a highly amusing entertainment, the working out of which it has taken years of hard study and labour to accomplish, and then set up an opposition show of precisely the same kind immediately afterwards?

In the days of the German Reids, their performance was never imitated, and so far as I remember no English company ever attempted a rival "Moore and Burgess" minstrel show.

I don't care whether the "Grotesques" are clever or not. I say it is not fair to directly imitate "The Follies'" entertainment, as they undoubtedly have done, and I wonder Mr. Pelissier has not taken steps to stop such poaching on his own particular "Tom Tiddler's ground." Perhaps, however, he thinks the matter too small a one to bother about, but "The Grotesques" will grow, dear Mr. Pelissier, "The Grotesques" will grow.

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Let me think, it was about the year 1891 that Charles Wyndham opened the doors of the Criterion Theatre to welcome Marshall P. Wilder, one of the drollest, quaintest and 'cutest of raconteurs from America that the London public has ever listened to. Mr. Wilder was a success from this moment and the rage for several memorable seasons, when no swagger party was considered complete without Marshall Wilder was there to tell some of his capital anecdotes in his own quiet and inimitable fashion. The Palace Theatre audiences are now delighting in this funny little gentleman's humorous yarns, and the easy method with which the clever American gently drops his "points" across the footlights is so different from the usual "chucking" at you or "you've-got-to-have-'em" style. Mr. Wilder's sense of fun is indeed quite unique.

OH! FIE, JOHN, FIE.

Really, John Raphael—otherwise "Percival"—I didn't think it of you! That "original" song entitled "In the Cut," which you have written for Miss Sybil Arundale, and which this talented young lady is singing nightly at the Tivoli, is nothing more or less than a boiled-down translation from the French of Yvette Guilbert's famous creation of "A la Vilette," which she first sang in England at the Empire, Leicester Square, when she took all London by storm with her yellow corn-coloured hair, her thin body draped in spotless white, and long arms swathed in black kid gloves.

Sybil Arundale's gruesome recitation, with musical accompaniment, called "Morphia," is but another number done into English by Mr. Raphael, which Yvette once included in her repertory under the title of "La Morphineuse," and what is more "In the Cut" and "Morphia" are not particularly well translated either, and totally unsuited to Miss Arundale's musical comedy methods. That mode of doing her hair, too, after the fashion created by Cléo de Merode is most unbecoming to Sybil Arundale. "No, no, little lady, go back to your own song and dance school; the art of the Parisienne 'diseuse' is not at all suited to you—in fact, you do not understand it."

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

BOBS, JEREMIAH, LAMENTATIONS, DISASTER AND WOE.

It will be a sore disappointment to Bobs that the Second Reading of his Bill for compulsory military service, has failed to earn the approval of their lordships. By this Bill, Bobs proposed that everybody above the age of 18 and up to the age of 30 should leave his job for four months every year to undergo military training, and be compelled to take up the bayonet and the rifle to fight the foe whenever called upon to do so. He might be engaged in taking his girl out for a walk, or even partaking of dinner or playing the piano at the time; no matter, he would have to leave the girl or the food, or the piano behind him, and rally to the bugle call. "Nothing short of a million men ready to spring to arms at home will save us," said Bobs, in his scarification. The estimated cost of this tremendous crowd of men and boys varied. Bobs did not seem to know what it would cost, and did not care, anyhow. Mr. St. John Brodrick, inventor of the famous military hat, put it at between five and six millions sterling a year. Another authority thought it might be done for about eight millions. As I am not generally recognised as a military expert I shall not discuss these estimates. I shall merely remark that trade is awfully dull.

And I remark this because, whatever the cost of compulsory military service under Bobs's Bill, it is obvious that Mr. Lloyd George or somebody would have to find the cash; so that not only should we all have to run for our guns in order to shed human blood at a moment's notice, but our whisky, 'bacca, and beer would cost us more. And, *entre nous*, I may say that I for one cannot afford to pay any more taxes for the privilege of having my eminent friend Bobs to order me about on the field of battle. He ought to know that to raise another £5,000,000 or £8,000,000 a year in present conditions would not be quite as easy as shelling peas. As a fact, many of us can't afford to buy peas to shell. But even £8,000,000 a year would not cover the whole cost of a conscriptive measure such as Bobs proposed. It would result in a widespread disorganisation of industry. It would take men away from their work at times when the labour market called for them, and send them back to work when it had no use for them. Thus the problem of unemployment would be a harder nut to crack than ever.

Nothing could or can justify compulsory military service in this country except the most overwhelming proof of its necessity for the defence of the nation. That proof is wanting. It has never even been offered. In place of that proof our Jeremiahs and our scaremongers conjure up the imaginary spectacle of German battleships blowing our Navy to the devil on the seas, German airships dropping bombs, and horse sausage, and sauerkraut on our top hats, and German armies landing on our shores and upsetting Brown and his missus and the children by firing hot lead into them while they are having tea. The whole country is living in an atmosphere of scares. The peculiarity is that the naval captains and the military captains, the fiscal-reforming captains and the political captains, and the religious captains are not only all scarifying on their own, but are all scarifying at once. Even Mary Jane dare not retire to rest o' nights without striking a light to see whether the Kaiser is hiding under the bed.

I do not look under the bed for the Kaiser; I admit that. But I never now hear the door bell ring or the knocker knock without wondering whether the operator is a policeman with a summons for the rates, or the advance guard of the German army arrived with a load of dull red saveloys to feed the troops; while if I am awakened by the sound of music in the dead of night I am terrified lest what I surmise to be cats, turns out to be a German band playing in the invading host. I take it that Bobs is in a similar nervous state, but whereas he is always making a fuss about it, I keep my troubles to myself.

"Our present military policy," says Bobs, "involves a wild gambling with the safety of the country and of the Empire"; and he added that if the British Navy is sunk beneath the deep without this million of compulsory-service men on hand, there will be an end of the British nation.

Bobs is like unto Jeremiah, the son of Hilkiah: he thinks and dreams but of disaster and woe. His speech was a new version of the old prophetic wail, that is all. O Jeremiah! O Bobs!

POLITICAL AMENITIES.

"You're drunk," said the Earl, "and not fit to take part
In debating the question at issue;
If you take my advice you will straightway depart,
The House, I feel sure, will not miss you."

"You're a liar," said Thorne, "I'm as sober as you;
Your words should be rammed down your throttle.
You're an absolute liar—I give you your due—
Why, I've not smelled the cork of a bottle."

The incident then very properly ended,
One member on thorns, and the other suspended.

W. M.

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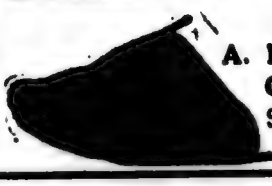

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"THE DOCTOR."

[*A touching tribute from a confirmed invalid to the nobility of the profession.*]

We have received the following interesting letter from a confirmed invalid. We think it will be read with interest by many :—

I really am half afraid to write you, for without doubt you must be a wizard, for how else could you find out all you do about folk—their pet weaknesses, foibles, eccentricities and—pet sins?

But, happily, there is always the other side of you to turn to. You are not all condemnation, not all scathing rebuke; you sometimes like to bring before the public eye the good points, virtues and, above all, the wonderful humanity which exists as much to-day in the heart of John Bull as it ever has existed since the beginning of all time.

Personally, I am an invalid, suffering from an incurable nervous disease, so the world, for me, is limited to my bed and my room, and as I lie and contemplate, "looking down all the weary avenue of darkened days," this wonderful humanity comes to me in many forms. For what else, think you, could fill my little room, as is so often the case, with bright young faces, who bring hither their joys and sorrows, opinions, political discussions, etc., to vary and brighten what would otherwise often be wearisome monotony? That is how I know so much about you, for as a natural consequence (after some heated argument) I read JOHN BULL (and woman-like, form and stick to my opinion), and am much interested in his peccadilloes, failings, and above all, I repeat—in his wonderful humanity.

But although from time to time, as the case may be, you laud him highly, whether as cleric, lay worker or magistrate (I am always now keeping to the best side of you), there is no class of the community about whom one rarely, if ever, sees an article or word of praise in any periodical or paper extant—John Bull as a medico—our doctors. Often, I grant you, plenty of criticism, censure even. The coroner severely censured Doctor L——, deservedly, no doubt; but oh! was there ever a class of men, professional or otherwise, more hard-worked, more generous, more especially worthy of approbation than those who spend not only their lives, but often their means also, in relieving the bodily needs of their suffering fellow-man? This wonderful humanity again. Perhaps one feels the more keenly on this subject when one's debt of gratitude to the profession is as large an one as my own. Take my own medical man as a typical case. My means will not allow of my paying for continuous medical care, which is yet imperative to relieve severe pain. For years this gentle man has paid me the most unremitting care and attention, supplied me with expensive drugs, and ever, by his unfailing courtesy and kindness, endeavoured to make life more bearable for me. What it would have been without the relief he has afforded me I dare not contemplate. He has a large practice and is much over-worked, often being compelled to refuse cases where his services would be well remunerated, yet rarely missing my daily visit, and never doing so if the pain is more obtrusive than usual. And his visits are a daily delight to me. Big and burly in person (like your frontispiece), with a cheery laugh and manner, yet "gentle as a woman." When needs must, he not only fills my room with his genial presence, but the hearts of his patients also with his big-heartedness; and his fee will be paid hereafter.

Such men are not only an ornament to any profession, but examples to their fellow men. So now, Mr. Bottomley, speak a good word for them whenever you can, and just as a parting promise to you, if ever you are laid by the heels, they will repay you in kind. Though half my life I have been ill, yet at forty-four I am not too ill or too old to take a keen interest in my fellow man, and ever like to try "to keep the best side uppermost." With all good wishes.

We associate ourselves with all the writer says about medical men as a body.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

July 25th. RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

Rather a tough customer in argeyment, ... if anybody was to try and tackle him.—*Dickens.*

July 26th. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write
With a goose pen, no matter.—*Shakespeare.*

July 27th. H. BELLOC, M.P.

Surely there must be some meaning beneath all this terrible irony.—*G. B. Shaw.*

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"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. Parker.

Zurich Balloon Meeting.

September 30th to October 3rd next, the third Gordon-Bennett competition will be held, this time at Zurich, where there is an excellent starting ground and good facilities for inflating the balloons. The spherical, on account of its comparative safety and cheapness, is bound to subsist alongside newer developments, and there is a great deal to be learned about our atmosphere yet, the direction and force of winds at different altitudes, &c., which will be invaluable to the steerable machines, and though it has been thrown into the shade by the newer dirigible, the improvement in the ordinary balloon has been considerable within the last three or four years. If an impermeable and lasting material is to be found for the envelope these free balloon contests are of the utmost value. Already the average of successful long-distance flights is greatly higher than it was a few years ago, and the management of these contests in even variable conditions of weather is becoming almost an exact science.

Aeroplane v. Dirigible.

Which will cross the Channel first? M. Clement hopes to do it in August with his dirigible, and with the lifting capacity and motor power of the machine the journey to London from the French coast is well within its practical limits. The mere flight over the Channel is possible on any fine day, so any delay he has to combat is the merely constructional one of finishing and inflating the airship, whereas none of the aeroplanes completed to-day are demonstrably capable of the job on any given day. Their successful long-distance flights are amazingly frequent, but their daily failures far outnumber them, and if the rare combination of weather, luck, and the perfect operation of the motor are not all met with simultaneously, instant failure results. The Zeppelin got home with a broken bow, but let anything happen to the aeroplane, and the rest of the journey will be made by water. Still the odds are on the aeroplane, and very much on Mr. Hubert Latham's for choice. His speed must carry him from the Pas de Calais to the English coast in half-an-hour under favourable conditions.

A British Aero Garage.

Why not give a chance to Brooklands? Here we have 250 acres or so going a-begging, and suitable in every way except that the site is not as near London as the dream of the idealist would make it. However, since we cannot have Hyde Park, the next best thing must suffice. Brooklands has cost a lot of money. The grounds are safely enclosed, and surely the proprietors of the track could make arrangements which would allow of at least temporary occupation by the War Office authorities. Why despise the benefits of a "gate" when such a unique one exists for legitimate exploitation? Make a man pay to see anything and y interest him at once in it. Brooklands is in a position where it can not only benefit its own prestige and pocket by housing the new dirigible, but can give a real fillip to the cause of aviation in this country.

Patrons of Aviation.

The University of Paris was enriched recently by no less a sum than £50,000, by two private individuals who wish to further the interests of aviation. One donation of £20,000, supplemented by an annual subvention of £600, was given by M. Henry Deutsch de la Meurthe (who, if he is not an aviator himself, is certainly a *rara avis*) towards the foundation of an Aeronautical Institute. The other allots the interest in perpetuity on a capital sum of £28,000 for the foundation of a Chair of Aviation at the University, and is the gift of M. Basil Zaharoff, a wealthy Greek resident in Paris. M. Deutsch is the donor of the £4,000 prize won in 1901 by Santos Dumont, with his dirigible; the £2,000 prize won last year by Henry Farman; a valuable cup bearing his name; a £1,000 prize for cross-Channel flight, and some minor donations still to be won. It was he who presented to the French Government the dirigible *Ville de Paris*, after the *Patrie* foundered at sea, and the *Ville de Nancy*, now making her first flights, was also built by him. A record of munificence hard to equal, though in a different way some of our rich men—Sir Hiram Maxim, for instance—have probably spent as much on their own experiments. We are badly in want of such a Mecænas in England. When he arrives, he will find plenty of prose Horaces to sound his praises.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

VIII.—LORD ROBERTS.

As soon as possible after the rejection of Lord Roberts' National Service (Training and Home Defence) Bill by the House of Lords, I made my way to Englemere, Ascot, to interview the gallant Field-Marshal. I arrived during the performance of the daily household drill, which follows family prayers. The squad of domestics were drawn up in the servants' hall—the cook, armed with a toasting-fork and dishcover, acting as sergeant. Bobs, in "undress" uniform, namely dressing-gown and slippers, marched up and down giving the word of command.

Standing unobserved in the shadow for a few moments, I watched the evolutions with great interest.

"Squa-a-d—front!" roared Bobs.

The squad fronted.

"For-r-r-m—fours!" was the next command.

The squad formed fours.

Bobs was filling his chest for the next order when the cook, saluting, took two paces to the front.

"If ye plaze, sorr," she said, "its meself kin shmell something burning in the kitchen."

"Cook-sergeant," replied Bobs, promptly, "fall out. Squa-a-rd—dismiss!"

The next instant the servants' hall was empty save for Lord Roberts and myself. The Field-Marshal stood with his back towards me. "Right about turn," I said.

With the mechanical instinct of an old soldier, Bobs swung round on his heels and confronted me.

"Dress by the right—'shun—stand easy," I commanded.

"Who the deuce are you?" demanded Bobs.

"I'm an officer of a larger and more intelligent army than you have ever had the privilege of leading," I replied; "I am an Intelligence Officer attached to the mighty army of John Bull readers, an army which is being mobilised to fight cant, humbug, red-tape, faddists, and other noxious things."

"You surely do not number conscription among noxious things?" said Bobs, angrily; "conscription is the only thing that will save the British Empire from dissolution. I even carry out the principle of universal service in my own household. All my domestics are required to go through a course of military training under my personal supervision, with the result that all my orders are carried out with a prompt obedience that would surprise you."

At that moment a pretty little housemaid approached the Field-Marshal and saluted.

"What is it?" demanded Bobs.

"If you please, sir," said the girl, nervously, "I can't stand this here drill no longer. I'm sorry, sir. The food's all right, and the work isn't hard. I can even put up with the family prayers; but I haven't been used to this everlasting drilling. I've worn out two pairs of house shoes marking time already, and I can't see so well since I've done so much 'eyes right.' I must get another place; so, if you please, sir, I give you warning."

"But, my dear Mary," began Bobs, tugging at his moustache——

However, he got no further with his expostulation, for the cook, advancing at the double, took him in the flank, and opened a galling fire.

"Plaze, sorr, the kidneys is burnt to a cinder, bad cess to them, and the rashers be dancing about like parched peas in the frying-pan. Its all along o' this drilling, sorr, this 'right-about-turnin'' and 'eyes-rightin',' and, bedad, its meself whats toired of it entoirely. Divil another drill will I drill, at all at all. I give you a week's warnin', and sorra a bit will I change me moind."

Away bounced cook, leaving poor Bobs to shout, "Norah! be reasonable," in vain; for at that moment up stalked the butler.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, with a deferential bow, "but I must give notice to leave."

"Why, Jeames, why?" asked Bobs, looking very upset.

"It's the drilling, sir," replied the butler. "It makes me tired before the day's work has properly begun. It also interferes with the proper discharge of my duties, and is likely to injure me in my professional career. Otherwise, I have been very comfortable and happy, sir, and shall regret to leave your service."

Away stalked the butler. Bob looked at me ruefully.

"What do you think of compulsory training and home defence now?" I asked.

"I'm beginning to think the Lords were right in throwing out my Bill," responded the Field-Marshal.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

That Bogey Crinoline.

Since the Pope's newspaper—the *Observatore Romano*—has been telling the modern woman that she wears "unholy dress" of an "immodest character," and has uttered some very sharp and stinging comments on, as well as commands to, the Catholic ladies, one wonders if we shall not now really get the crinoline? His Holiness's leader writer does not go into particulars—naturally!—but it is clearly the Directoire gown in its extremest form that has roused the Pontifical ire. And yet fashion in dress is only the effect of a cause. Until you alter the bias of a woman's soul you will not alter a button of her fineries, however you may rave, and rave even righteously. However, hope lies in the fact that the soul of the average woman shifts almost as easily as a button.

At present, as a matter of fact, she has in actual character, in ideals, in *nuance* generally, reverted largely to the standard of the First Empire women, and has therefore, quite instinctively, clothed herself in the classic draperies of Recamier and Madame Talma. Just look at the typical extremely modern society dame—is she not go-ahead, inquiring, outspoken, lightly cynical, deeply superstitious, daring in her notions as to the elasticity of the marriage tie, but personally fastidious and dainty? She is also in search of beauty, very luxurious, very shallow, but on a vague hunt after the philosophies. What could more clearly recall the *precieuses* who floated about the silly circle of dear, weak-minded Empress Josephine?

Even the vices of the ultra-modern bring back an aroma of St. Cloud and the Tuilleries, for she gambles, scandalises, rouges, wears quantities of false curls, and gets into debt openly. She also makes for herself great feminine centres of intrigue—it is true that to-day they call them clubs, instead of "drums"!—and tries to sway and bully statesmen into doing her will; though, shade of Madame de Staael! her methods are rougher than of old. Except that she is not witty, and cannot write a good letter, she is just repeating history all along the line—the clothes line as well as the mental.

Water Ladies.

We are soon coming to that season of the year—holiday time—when we behold the disconcerting spectacle of our most severely inclined women friends cheerfully plunging into the sea, in front of a crowd, clad in the most gaudy costumes they can find. Why that is so no psychologist has yet informed us. But it is somehow always the case that the most decorous-minded woman gets into the most glaring bathing gear, preferably rather badly made, with a gaiety and courage that one almost envies—till the gaiety of the crowd becomes more insistent! Do let us, while there is yet time, invest in dark bathing dresses this year, preferably navy blue or black, and realise, once and for all, how very much more becoming they are. It may be due to our climate that a wet woman in green or pale blue looks as if she had been boiled, but the fact remains, stubbornly. Even the much beloved scarlet dress turns its wearer a delicate violet, against the chilly, shifting greys and greens of an English ocean; the only scarlet should be in the cap or hair fillet if any complexion at all is to be retained. Indignant persons may retort that they do not care how they look as they only go there for the dip. But surely, if only for the sake of one's self-respect, to say nothing of the other "dippers," it is better to look neat and comely than an object, however much that may be supposed to be virtuous. Is it?

Modes in Meekness.

But to dress as modestly as the Vatican would like, you must have learnt to pretend, at least, to be very meek indeed. It wants a humbug—a dear, demure, dimpled little humbug—to wear a crinoline with the correct effect, and a poke-bonnet absolutely requires slyness to make it set properly. Indeed, all bonnets are rather sly, from a nurse's onwards.

It is a fact. proved by history. that "hoops" only come into fashion when there is a woman on the throne: witness the reigns of Victoria, Anne, Mary Tudor, and Elizabeth. Reigning queens, presumably, make feminine virtues the fashion. So that until it again becomes the mode to affect domesticity, and to go to missionary meetings, and to pretend you can make puddings when you can't, like dear little Becky Sharp, all the thunders of the Seven Hills cannot prevail to bring back the billowing voluminosity expressive of those virtues.

An Experienced Mother

Nerve Collapse, Anaemia, Lassitude—

No wonder people are so remarkably satisfied, so eager to say so too, when they can see for themselves what a lot of money, time and suffering is saved daily by using Phosferine. The curative action, which *begins with the first dose of the tonic*, plainly tells them that their nervous disorders will be *done with* speedily and altogether. One of the many far-sighted mothers who appreciate this fact is Mrs. Monk, who writes from Nottingham, that "it is marvellous how easily my little girl was restored to health by Phosferine, after receiving treatment from two doctors and a hospital without result." So prostrated and feeble was her little girl, that Mrs. Monk thought the child had consumption and would not live, but upon administering Phosferine, everything was immediately changed for the better.

Thoroughly swept away.

Mrs. A. Monk, 46, Brushfield Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham, writes: "My little girl, Norah, age 7 years, was taken bad with whooping cough and measles about Easter, 1908, and went on middling until June, when she began to lose control of her bodily functions. The doctor gave her medicine, but as she did not improve I took her to the hospital, where she was treated for about three months. She seemed to improve at first, but afterwards got worse. She went very thin, white, and hollow-checked, and never wished to get out of bed. As she had always been a bonnie girl, I thought she was developing consumption and that I should lose her. I paid a guinea for a specialist to thoroughly examine her, and he said the nervous system was quite broken down, and that she should go to the sea-side and to have her watched by my own doctor. My little girl was now thoroughly run down, and could not take much more than liquid food. About three months ago, happening to have some Phosferine in the house, I gave it to her two or three times a day. This considerably improved her condition, and now she can go out and play with other children, has rosy cheeks, looks well, and is always ready for a romp. The benefit she has derived from Phosferine has been most remarkable."—May 4, 1909.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Premature Decay	Anæmia
Rheumatism	Maternity Weakness	Malaria
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Sciatica
Indigestion	Sleeplessness	Nervousness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the Queen of Roumania
H.M. the King of Greece
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE RE-CREATES THE NERVE FORCES.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.
The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Is "The City of Brass" rather a tin-potboiler production?
Is the consignment of frozen pigs from Hankow a Chinese pig-tale?
Has Lord Charles Beresford got his "I" on the Admiralty?
The Drink Question: "What's yours?"

Black and White says: "A duchess may be as shabby as she likes," and we take it that the same applies to dukes, so the Hobbs affair should now be dropped.

The announcement that good pens are to be at the disposal of the public in our post-offices is a step in the write direction.

The "Skating Waltz" a new dance is called. The name is quite suggestive of "sitting it out."

"Woman is an eternal savage," declared Prof. Starr, of Chicago. Let's will only make the sex more wild.

We read that wool is dear. We always thought it was sheep.

Hansoms for 25s. Many would be glad to part with growlers for less.

There is a new beast at the Zoo, and the authorities say it is the finest Takin they have ever had. Lucky people.

Will the Daylight Saving Bill be buried now that Hayden Coffin has supported it?

Does Mr. Asquith spell it Lord Wrathschild now?

We read of teeth on the instalment system. There will be biting comments on it.

Young Turks' opinion of new Sultan: "He's the *Bos-phor-(o)us*."

The Harvard professor who says that students should flirt as well as study ought to wake up.

The Territorial Force, we are told, is only in the making at present. It will be all rig t when kneaded.

The American couple married by wireless telegraphy, after being engaged for many years, must have suddenly discovered that delays are dangerous.

Curious that when one drinks up, the liquor goes down.

A horse named Shampoo won a race recently. By a head, we presume?

"The White Lie" a new book is called. The author knows how to tell a story.

"Burglar Disguised as a Nun," reads a headline. Veiled identity.

The quest for sunken treasure in Dollar Bay, Cornwall, has been abandoned. The promotors call it Dolor Bay now.

The Mayoress of Exeter, Miss Commin, celebrated her twenty-first birthday recently. Commin of age.

The lunatic who has been amusing himself by cutting the tails off the coats of ladies in the West End has now been docked himself.

"To-day is some people's chief anxiety," says H. B. Vogel. Not if they are dealing in "futures."

The Hampstead Garden Suburb for bachelor girls is called Waterloo Court. The name is suggestive.

Finger-print records are to be taken of all new constables. Nothing like making a good impression at the outset.

The police are to have a medal of their own. Some folks think they are too meddlesome as it is.

The International Society of Professional Beggars forbids its members to work. But the Society seems to.

If Germany carries out her threat of war on the De Beers Company it will be a case of diamond cut diamond.

"I was nearly tickled to death," the trout remarked after escaping the wily poacher.

The Postmaster-General enjoins politeness on the part of P.O. clerks. They are to be Civil servants.

"Variety's the spice of every woman's life," says a contemporary. And even a man likes some small change.

Lord Brassey alludes to Lord Rothschild as "a strong rock in a rude sea." And the "rude sea" is trying to Budget.

FLOREX

The Permanent Flower Holder shown on lapel of coat →

The ideal flower fastener is the "Florex," self-fixing, always in place, holds the flower in any desired position, or can be used with water holder. Nickel plated, of all florists and outfitters, or post free for 3 penny stamps from patentee, T. S. Ewart Smith, Dudley.

MEDIUM can never be BEST

And once you have had the best, you will never want medium. Therefore insist on having

B.D.V. Cigarettes,

10 for 2½d.

They are the BEST

Full weight, Full size. Best quality.

TRY THEM TO-DAY AND SUPPORT Godfrey Phillips, the Smokers' Friend.

HOPE

There is always hope for the weak and ailing, the weary and fatigued. Wincarnis has given new life to thousands, and will do so to you. Mrs. Scott, of Hungerford, writes:—"I gave a glass to a poor woman who the doctor said was dying, but it revived her, and all say I saved her life."

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

revives and refreshes the tired and exhausted, giving vigour and vitality to the jaded body, braces up the nerves, supplies natural strength, giving stamina and health to every organ. If nervous, weak, aching, lacking in physical vivacity and mental stimulus, and cannot revive by an ordinary night's rest, you need Wincarnis at once, because the vital force that Nature needs to nourish mind and body is being wasted—draining your system. Wincarnis checks this waste quietly, quickly, surely, by creating pure life-giving blood.

FREE TRIAL:—Send your name and address with 3 penny Stamps for carriage, mention JOHN BULL and we will send you a trial bottle free.
Address—Coleman and Co., Ltd., 175, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

After Trial you can buy Wincarnis at Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Grocers.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* **when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.** ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

ABOUT half-a-million Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen have written protesting against the use of the word "England" in the John Bull League battle song, where "Britain" was meant, as will be seen by reference to the first two lines of the first and last verses. Oh, those printers!

ABOUT a hundred thousand naturalised British subjects, apropos the first line of the League song, "Men and women British born," wish to know if they will be debarred from membership of the League. Oh, those poets!

A. H. (Dublin).—To describe a black man as "stripped to the buff" was perhaps more polite than accurate.

A. C. (Brompton).—Some things are really beneath serious notice, and the cutting you send us from *Spare Moments*, suggesting a tax on barmaids, is one of them.

W. R. M. (Highbury).—Ratepayers all over London are now awaiting the forthcoming Quinquennial Valuation for reduction of their assessments.

F. W. C. (Wandsworth).—Your employers have no right to open letters addressed to you, but they may refuse to take them in.

A. T. (Newcastle) says the Corporation are very active in prosecuting bookmakers, and yet it lets pitches on the Quay every Sunday to racing tipsters. Evidently business is business with the Corporation.

"ONE WHO ENJOYS A JOKE" (Chatham).—We blush for you.

"A CHURCHMAN" (Torquay) writes:—"Why does Mr. Crow speak of the Church of Wales as an 'alien Church'? As a matter of fact the Church was a living active, force in Wales before even St. Augustine landed in England and a thousand years or more before the frowsy Nonconformist minister began to pervade." Crow would retort, we suppose, that the Church, having lost her opportunity, must bow, like everybody else, to the will of the majority. Let her Welsh experience be a lesson to her in England.

F. C. R. (Bradford), J. W. H. (Barrow Hill), W. E. B. (Aberdare), and many others.—In our issue of July 3rd we strongly warned our readers against having anything to do with the Stylo Supply Company, of 82, Wells Street, London, W., who offer, in return for the purchase of a fountain pen, to pay three times the market price for addressing envelopes. They seem to confine their attentions to people living in the country—probably to avoid unpleasant callers.

M. E. W. J. (Brockley).—We advise you to have nothing to do with Lady Blount's Medical Aid Society. Neither she, nor anyone in her employ, is "an L.D.S. (Qualified)." You are not likely to obtain any better treatment than your friend received from Lord Haldon's similar establishment. The teeth are not handed over till all the instalments have been paid, and many qualified dentists would charge less and be prepared to enter into a similar arrangement.

M. B. (Fulham) thinks the two establishments referred to above are identical, as she went to both at different times and saw the same assistant. But of course he may have changed his employer—though he evidently has determined to stick to the aristocracy.

Mr. R. SOPER writes, in reference to our paragraph concerning his action on the Greenwich Board of Guardians, that, although he stated it was his intention to give notice of motion *re* the tobacco question, he never did actually give such notice, and that appearing in his name on the Guardians' agenda was unauthorised. Had he taken up the matter, he intended to limit the restriction to "those who were in and out of the workhouse three or four times a week, and came back with a good supply of tobacco and full of beer in addition."

"A WORKER," one of the staff of the Agricultural Hall, complains bitterly that at the recent Missionary Exhibition, "Africa and the East," the old hands who are dependent on their wages for a living, were displaced in favour of pensioned Commissionaires and policemen. But he forgets that most "missions" are essentially commercial enterprises, and that with them charity begins abroad.

G. W. (London, N.E.) feels aggrieved by the Excelsior Furnishing Company, 261, Kingsland Road. He says that owing to slackness of work, he got five weeks behind with his payments of 2s. a week, but recently sent them an instalment and promised to pay off the arrears at the end of the week. The same day he received at his place of business a startling letter, printed in red and black, headed in large type "LAST DAY.—FINAL NOTICE! re YOUR ARREARS," threatening that unless he called that day and paid the arrears they would terminate the hiring and remove the goods. He complains that they did not send this to his private address instead of his place of employment, where, owing to the poor writing of his name upon the envelope, it was taken to be intended for somebody else in the office and opened and handed about from department to department. He asks, "Have they the power to do anything like this?" Unfortunately they have, but we have given them this free advertisement in the hope that they will think twice before exercising such power again.

When Ruptured
do not go to the first chemist for a spring truss. You stop all chance of cure. A truss will retain your rupture *if all goes well*. But it neither heals, nor gives security in sleep, or in accidents. In the latter, it is not only useless, it may prove an added danger. The Rice Treatment retains the rupture, secures you in sleep, in accidents, and during arduous work—*whilst steadily healing you*. In a few months we have enabled thousands to discard their trusses. Follow our directions—carefully adapted to each case—and your cure is certain, without pain, danger or expense. We have cured the worst cases of double rupture of many years' standing. Send for free trial test to WM. S. RICE, LTD.
No Pain,
No Operation.
Thousands of Successes.
Rice Rupture Cure,
(Dept. A.168) 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, Hudgate Circus, E.C.

Some thousands of correspondents have sent us a cutting about a peer alleged to be "6ft. 5in. in height," but we steadfastly refuse to give biscuits for obvious misprints which are silly without being funny.

C. C. (Sheffield) and others.—We are afraid you have not read your Prayer Book—"*quires* and places," etc., is quite correct. "Chambers' Twentieth Century" and other dictionaries give it as the old way of spelling "choir." "Shew" (show) is a very similar word.

A. D. (Walworth) asks us how many sorts of ringworm there are. We know of only one—"Tinea tonsurans." But we will ask Jim Crow.

R. S. M. (Chatham).—"The wetness of the rain" sounds funnier than it really is.

H. W. (Leytonstone).—It was certainly clever to marry two ladies simultaneously, but perhaps the reporter saw double.

A. L. W. (Manchester).—We certainly fail to see how "excerpts from Beethoven, Mozart, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn" can have been "composed by Brigadier Slater."

W. S. McF. (Leith).—What is the matter with "Monday night before last"? All right, no chess.

B. S., Jun. (Forest Gate), "as a descendant of the Kings of Ireland," protests against Crow's criticisms of that country, and says "there is no truer friend than an Irishman." He thinks the article "will undoubtedly strain to breaking-point the present good relations between England and Ireland." We did not know Crow was so powerful.

A. M. (Brighton) asks why we pay Crow "to write such lying twaddle about hard-working domestics." She says, "In my 20 years' experience of household drudgery, the bully has been the master, the mistress the worm, the general servant a piece of badly-oiled machinery."

"DUBLIN" denies that Irishmen ever drop their h's. He wants a biscuit for *Hood's* for making D. S. Windell say, "I always gave, even when I had nothing, to those who had less than myself."

T. T. (Ealing) is a railway fireman and has to go to work at all hours of the night. He complains that policemen stop him to search his bag and take him to the police-station when he objects. That is very annoying, but we suppose the police will know him better before long. He thinks well-dressed persons ought to be just as liable to search as an honest working-man, for they might easily have committed burglaries.

"NEARLY BROKE" (Goodmayes) thinks discharged soldiers and sailors should have preference as railway porters, 'bus-drivers, &c.

A. F. C. (Blackburn) sends two copies of a picture. One appeared in the *Daily Mail*, and attributes the scene to Dover beach, the other in the *Daily Mirror*, and locates it on the French coast.

J. H. (London, S.W.) asks about the Okon Massage instrument for deafness (9, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square).

"VICTIMISED."—Tanner and Co. (Employment Agents, 29, Mark Lane, E.C.) are no good. You have chosen your name well.

W. J. B. (Lee).—We might be had up for libel if we published your remarks about the kill-joy who stroked the young lady's leg.

"STRAIGHTFORWARD" (W. Kilburn) says builders are often swindled by contractors.

R. H. (Albert Street).—Are you trying to write the Lord's Prayer on a threepenny-bit? We have mislaid our spectacles, and can't read your microscopic hand.

W. J. B. (Portsmouth) sends the following beautiful lines:

"We ask not if the Suffragettes
Are feeling stiff and sore.
We only wish to know the truth—
Did Lupton really snore?"

W. A. M. AND OTHERS (Bolney) are on a caravan tour and want to know if they can legally be moved on from private property. We fear they can.

F. C. (Eccleston Square) is a gentleman's servant, and asks how to better himself, but we know nothing of his tastes or ambitions. Why not write for the Society papers?

"CHANTER" writes about "the goggy-eyed little goat who was boomed by the *Daily Mirror* for sending the Queen of Holland" a cap and bells. We like his poem, but the Guildhall trial is now ancient history.

A. L. L. (South Norwood) recently applied for a job as "woman presser," evidently imagining this meant a caresser. The gay dog!

G. B. (Greenwich) complains of the Admiralty's meanness *re* railway passes for sailors on leave.

W. P. B. (Middlesbro') writes: "I am a pawnbroker, and I don't think I'm giving away any trade secrets when I say that 80 per cent. new goods pledged have been bought from the travelling draper." He says women pay an instalment on goods they don't want, take them straight round to uncle, and drink the proceeds. He adds that the travelling drapers have to charge exorbitant prices because they make so many bad debts.

C. G. (Kingston Hill) sends a cutting about boy scouts being taught: "Don't make love to any girl unless you mean to marry her." Oh! the little dears!

W. G. (Abercynon) sends an old story about an indignant parent who wrote to a schoolmaster: "Our Johnny ain't no rose. Larn him, don't smell him." It was first told in the *Jewish Chronicle*.

W. V. C. (Worthing).—We really do not know how competitions are judged by *London Opinion*.

THE Hon. Sec. of a Miniature Rifle Club writes that English makers are to blame for the general use of foreign ammunition, but he says that good English cartridges can now be obtained.

B. A. E. (Dulwich Park) writes to Crow: "It was with utter disgust that I committed to my mental capacity your sarcastic, absurd, yet humiliating remarks. Have you never neglected your work, or never stolen or never indulged in a gossip, or never lied?" Crow replies, "Certainly not." In that case, B. A. E. continues, "there is only one thing I can say, and that is that you were never intended for this earth. You are indeed a treasure. . . . Here we have a man—or, I presume you be such—who, to my thinking, is a disgrace to civilisation, yet, in his own estimation, is a philosopher. I should very much like to have a personal interview with you." Jim is evidently losing some of his popularity.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

Comfortable Chins.

After shaving, nothing will give such a cool, comfortable, velvety feeling to the chin as ICILMA FLUOR CREAM. Used overnight, it softens the skin, makes shaving easy, and prevents roughness, redness and soreness.

Of all Chemists, 1s. Send 2d. for sample to
ICILMA CO., LTD. (Dept. 5), 14a Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

Icilma Fluor Cream

"A Masterpiece of Education And a Very Sound Investment."

That is an employer's description of the home training for well-paid posts given by the International Correspondence Schools—but read the letter:—

Plymouth, 16th June, 1909.

Dear Sirs:

I have examined your system of training students for better positions, and I am pleased to give you my sound opinion of same. The volumes which you supply to the students are undoubtedly the finest I have yet seen, easy to understand, and thoroughly illustrated. The subjects taught are only those which will undoubtedly train a man to fill a prominent position. The Instruction Papers are decidedly simple, and yet most beneficial. I heartily recommend any man to place himself as one of your students, whether he be a young man or middle-aged. In short, I can only say it is a masterpiece of education and a very sound investment.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) W. G. Heath & Co.

Not only do the International Correspondence Schools give the student (in his or her own home and spare time) the specialised training which qualifies for a good post in any one of 300 profitable occupations but they also assist the student, without fee, to secure such a post. Whatever your present circumstances, you really owe it to yourself to learn exactly how the International Correspondence Schools can benefit you. Simply mark the coupon or write us about the line of work which interests you—whatever it may be.

Registrar, INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Ltd. (Dept. K.), International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please send me, without further obligation on my part, your free booklet entitled "Proof Positive," and explain how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked x, or gain a knowledge of the subject.

Mechanical Draughtsman — French — Advertisement Writer
Textile Mill Supt. — Civil Engineer — Structural Engineer
Analytical Chemist — Bookkeeper — Showcard Writer
Illustrator — Electrician — Civil Service

Name ..... Age .....
Street ..... Town .....
Occupation 24/7/09

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"Always Grip." "Never Slip."

Look out for the NEW KEMPSHALL DETACHABLE RIM.

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Telephone No.: Gerrard 244 (two lines). Telegrams: "Studless, London."
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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

Prophetic.

As usual the week is more than half over before I can even deal with it, and what has happened in the interim between writing these notes and their reaching the public eye will probably have altogether upset the ideas and made what was reasonable common sense at the time of inditing, look terribly foolish on Thursday. Bearing this in mind I must name

ORQUIL

as having his usual chance of being second in the July Hadicap at Windsor, while another unlucky one,

LADY ORMONDE,

must about win the Thames Handicap.

At Liverpool, which clashes, assuming that they have *not* won on the Wednesday, which is likely, LEMBERG and THE STORY ought to take their later engagements at the meeting, and of course

THE FREDA COLT

will take all the beating possible in the Liverpolitan Plate to-day (Thursday). In Friday's Cup I should certainly prefer Menu to Dean Swift of Mr. Joel's pair, but in face of Alexandra Park must go solidly for

SEALED ORDERS

to be backed EACH WAY, for in Frank Wootton's hands and on a very much more suitable course, what beats this three-year-old will win it.

Hurst Park has its usual good card, in which

SUNNINGDALE

appears in the Foal Plate, which he ought to win, for he ran well at Sandown. On this particularly softened ground RELISH, in little Escott's handling, will be first or second—probably, as usual, the latter—for the Park Handicap, so bet EACH WAY.

On the Saturday the turn of BUSTLE should have come at last for the Sprint Handicap, although 5lb. penalties are not sufficient for such easy winners as Marchesa and Lady Helen.

I really ought to attempt dealing with Goodwood ten days ahead, which is literally absurd. I held the opinion that Mustapha, if reasonably handicapped had a big chance for the Stewards' Cup, for he is a nice horse and was staying on at Ascot. He has, however, been rather sat on with weight, and therefore the stable *may* find a better. But unless he is altogether a decadent, the home stable may nearly win another Stewards' Cup with MASTER HOPSON, while if the going is holding, although his class is lacking, DESESPOIR must have a chance.

In the next day's Goodwood Plate I should back the

TIRAILLERIE COLT EACH WAY.

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July 13th, MAROZZO, 6-1 won. ORE FILLY, 10-1 won.
July 14th, SANTA CASA, 100-8 won. JOVIAL, 9-1 won.
July 15th, VIGILANCE, 6-1 won, SYMBOLIC, 100-8 2nd.
July 16th, CHIEVELEY, 9-2 won. THE MAJOR, 6-1 won.
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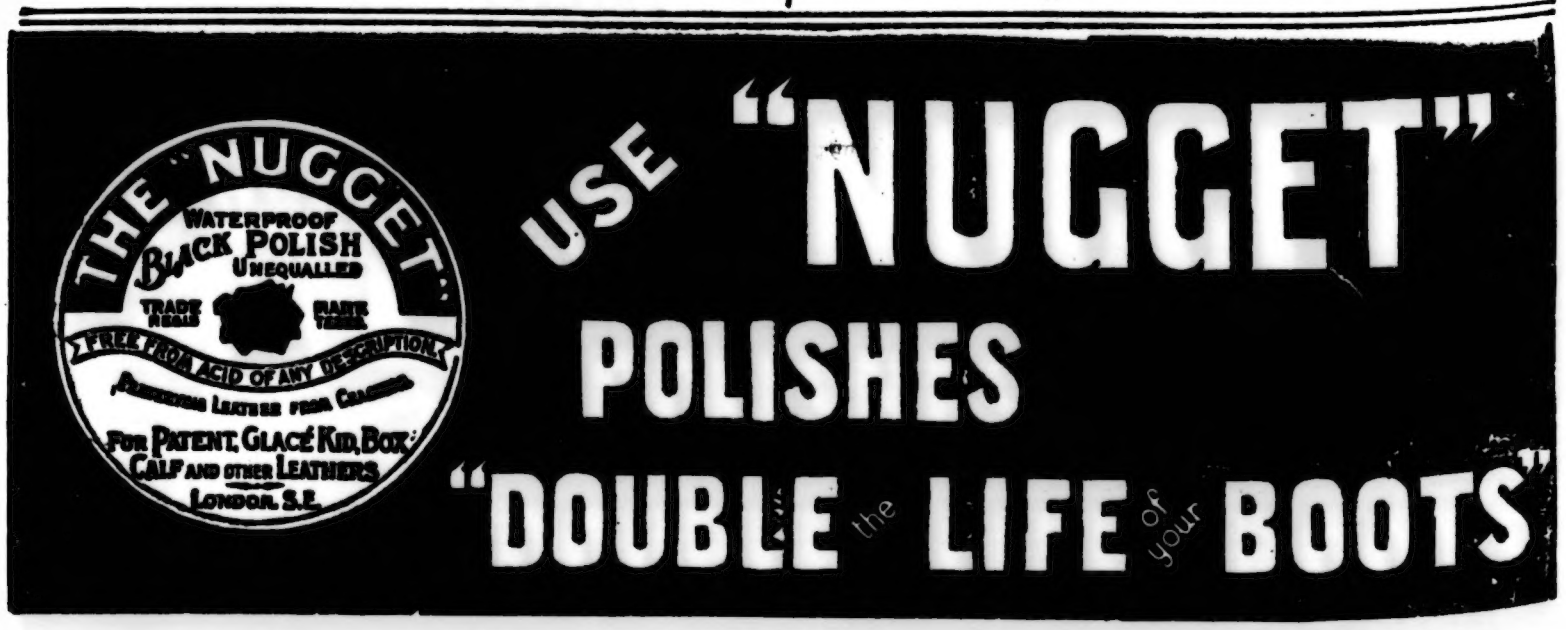

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The following claims have been received for the issues of May 1st, June 5th and 12th:—

J. H. JACKSON, 64, Dean Street, South Shore, Blackpool. (No. 76515—1st May, 1909.)

W. CROZIER, Foxlow, Manor Road, Richmond, Surrey. (No. 31986—5th June, 1909.)

RONALD MALE, Wyvenhoe, Spencer Park, St. Albans. (No 241098—12th June, 1909.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 19th:—

225; 1976; 5416; 11209; 19412; 21114; 28960; 34343; 41388; 45888; 50324; 55486; 63990; 71935; 77364; 79311; 83666; 90004; 92676; 94501; 103473; 107498; 115463; 125887; 144980; 151117; 158463; 159802; 166981; 169001; 170883; 176089; 183106; 190000; 191293; 195468; 199763; 222083; 227186; 233691; 235960; 239761; 250762; 253353; 261173; 269874; 273002; 284325; 289671; 296471.

INITIAL BOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED AUGUST 28th (PUBLISHED AUGUST 26th).

TALK NO. 2

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